

The Messenger

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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Dr A H Strickler
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TERMS.

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Poetry.

CHRIST THE PURIFIER.

"He shall sit as a refiner, and purifier of silver."—Mal. iii. 3.

He that from dross would win the precious ore,
Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,
The subtle searching process to explore,
Lest the one brilliant moment should pass by,
When in the molten silver's virgin mass
He meets his pictured face as in a glass.

Thus in God's furnace are His people tried;
Thrice happy they who to the end endure;
But who the fiery trial may abide?

Who from the crucible come forth so pure?
That He whose eyes of flame look through the

whole,

May see His image perfect in the soul?

Nor with an evanescent glimpse alone,

As in that mirror the refiner's face;

But, stamp with eternity's broad signet, there he

shown

Immanuel's features full of truth and grace.

And round that seal of love this motto be,

"Not for a moment, but—eternity!"

—James Montgomery.

Communications.

For the Messenger.

A WALK IN LONDON.

It would be vain to attempt a description of the city of London. Its immense size bewilders the visitor, and he finds it impossible to convey to others the overpowering impression he has himself received. Perhaps the most comprehensive, and certainly the most satirical description ever attempted is that of Lord Byron:

"A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping, Dirty and dusty, but as wide as eye Can reach, with here and there a sail just skipping In sight, then lost amidst a forestry Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping On tip-toe through their sea-coal canopy; A huge dun cupola, like a foolscap crown On a fool's head—and there is London town."

The "huge dun cupola" is, of course, the dome of St. Paul's cathedral, and directly under its shadow we found our lodgings. It proved a useful landmark; for wherever we wandered we could always find our way back to St. Paul's.

"Sir!" said the great Dr. Johnson to Boswell, when the latter proposed a walk in the country, "Sir! all green fields are alike—let us take a walk down Fleet street!" Our first long walk in London took us down Fleet street, past the old Mitre tavern where Johnson, Boswell, and Goldsmith used to meet around the little round table in the inner room. Before we reached Fleet street we had, however, to pass St. Paul's church, and as the door stood invitingly open we entered.

It was our first sight of a great European cathedral, and, of course, we were duly impressed with its stupendous size. We afterwards saw, on the continent, at least four cathedrals that occupy more ground; but St. Paul's, probably on account of its prominent site and its massive architecture, creates an impression of vastness which is not exceeded by any other. At any rate, a church five hundred feet in length is not seen every day, and an American who beholds it for the first time may be pardoned for speaking enthusiastically of its enormous magnitude.

We had no reason to regret the delay, for Westminster Abbey was close at hand. It was a glorious privilege to wander through its cloisters, to examine minutely those

The interior of the church appears gloomy and cheerless. As a Protestant church it is, of course, destitute of pictures; and its numerous marble statues and tablets only serve to increase the prevailing impression of coldness and gloom. A few weeks before our visit workmen in the adjacent churchyard discovered the foundations of the church which stood on this site before and during the Reformation, and which was destroyed by fire more than two hundred years ago. The foundations of the cloisters, once occupied by the monks, could be distinctly traced, and were examined with interest by many visitors.

Immediately adjoining St. Paul's churchyard is Paternoster Row, the centre of the book trade of London. It appeared strange to read the names of celebrated firms over the doors of gloomy little shops, which furnished no index of the enormous business which they represented.

A short walk down Fleet street brought us to Temple Bar, an arch extending across the street, which marks the ancient limits of the city of London. It was on this arch that the heads of noted criminals were formerly exposed. Here too, on certain state occasions, the Lord Mayor meets foreign sovereigns on their entrance into the city.

At the time of our visit a part of the arch had been removed to make room for the erection of the new Inns of Court; but we were told that the stones had all been marked and numbered, and would soon be returned to their original places. London never willingly destroys a historic monument. Entering by a narrow archway, to which we had been directed by a communicative shopkeeper, we found ourselves in the gardens of the Temple; and unexpectedly came upon the grave of Oliver Goldsmith, standing alone among trees and flowers. In these gardens Shakespeare locates the brawls which resulted in the Wars of the Roses; and makes Warwick prophesy:

"This brawl to-day,

Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

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The Inns of Court which stand in the Temple gardens are a peculiarly English institution. Though properly colleges for the study of law, they have long grown beyond their original intention, and now constitute immense corporations of counsellors and attorneys. They have extensive buildings occupied by lawyers and students. Some of the courts are held there. There is also a magnificent church and a fine library. Everywhere there are evidences of immense wealth; while the quietness of the spot suggests the learned leisure of the olden times.

Threading our way through the precincts of the Temple, we passed, on our way to the Thames, the house in Craven street in which Benjamin Franklin once resided. The fact, which we would not otherwise have known, is announced by a tablet set in the front wall, such as are frequently found in London on houses once occupied by great men. We were pleased by this compliment to an eminent American.

We reached the Thames at the Victoria embankment, at the place where the Egyptian obelisk, known as "Cleopatra's Needle," was about to be erected. It was lying on one side, and workmen were engaged in taking casts of its inscriptions. We saw it subsequently when it had been raised to its proper position; but though it is certainly a fine specimen of antique art, it is not an imposing as the similar obelisk in the Place de Concorde, in Paris, or the one erected in Rome by Caesar Augustus.

Along the banks of the Thames, historic edifices seem to crowd and jostle each other, but we have not time to examine them. We soon reached Westminster Palace, which contains the halls of the two houses of Parliament—a noble edifice with chambers as fine as British gold could make them, but too fresh and new to please a genuine tourist. A great building, like a meerschaum pipe, needs to be smoked awhile to make its colors blend with perfect harmony. The palace was closed when we first visited it; but we gained admission on a subsequent day.

We had no reason to regret the delay, for Westminster Abbey was close at hand. It was a glorious privilege to wander through its cloisters, to examine minutely those

triumphs of architecture which no one in this busy age can find time to reproduce. The Abbey—which is longer but somewhat narrower than St. Paul's—dates in great part from the 13th century, though some of the chapels are probably much older. The work is not quite as fine as at Melrose; but it has the advantage of remaining in its original completeness. The magnificent Gothic roof is supported at an immense height by a forest of slender columns, whose exquisite lightness and grace appear incompatible with their enormous strength.

It is, however, as the burial place of the greatest men of England that Westminster Abbey has achieved its chief celebrity. Magnificent monuments bearing distinguished names, line the walls and fill the chapels. Nearly all the monarchs of England, from Saxon times almost down to present, are buried here. Mary of Scotland sleeps side by side with her great enemy, Elizabeth of England. Very strangely, it seemed to us, the graves of the monarchs of the last century are marked only by a plain slab, bearing no inscription but their name; while the remains of several of the immediate predecessors of the present queen are absent altogether, being interred at Windsor.

In one of the chapels there is an old chair which was once regarded with extreme reverence. Its seat is composed of a large bluish stone which has an eventful history. During the Middle Ages it was regarded as the very stone on which the patriarch Jacob rested his head when he slept at Bethel; and by a custom, whose origin is lost in antiquity, the kings of Scotland always sat on it when they received the crown. Brought to England at the time of the union, it was set in the seat of this ancient chair, which we were informed was occupied at the coronation of Queen Victoria. Feeling very tired, we took the liberty of sitting down upon it; and though several visitors smiled as they passed, no one ventured to suggest that we were encroaching on the privileges of royalty.

The chapels of the kings are separated from the rest of the Abbey by a high railing; and it is only at certain hours that visitors are admitted. A verger, dressed in a black gown and bearing a rod of office, preceded the company and explained the various objects of interest. He was a thorough cockney, and spoke the dialect in perfection. "Ere," he said, pointing to an ancient monument, "is one of the most interesting objects in the abbey. It is the tomb of Edward the Confessor."

The tombs of the kings were less interesting to us than the monuments which occupy that part of the abbey which is known as "the poet's corner." Here are the tombs of Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Milton, Gray, Southey, and many others whose names shed luster on the literature of their country. Shakespeare is buried at Stratford, but a cenotaph has been erected in his honor. In other parts of the church there are monuments almost innumerable which tell of conquest and victory, and bear "the names at which the world grew pale." It seems almost a pity that Wellington and Nelson are not buried here but in St. Paul's; but there are plenty of other names which are hardly less illustrious. One of the most recent tombs is that of David Livingstone, the missionary, who was perhaps the greatest hero of them all.

At four o'clock one of the canons of Westminster read prayers, assisted by a choir of surpliced boys. At the conclusion of the service the visitors retired; and we felt that it was time to bring our first ramble in London to a conclusion. As will be seen hereafter, we visited the Abbey a second time, for the purpose of hearing a sermon by Dean Stanley.

There is nothing more pleasant in London than to start out with a map of the city in your hand, hardly knowing where you intend to go. You wander about "at your own sweet will," asking questions of shopkeepers and policemen, and constantly meeting with the most unexpected adventures. "But," we may be asked, "is there no danger of losing your way?" Certainly there is; but there is pleasure in trying to find it again. And, if it comes to the worst, all you have to do is to hail the driver of a "Hansom cab" and he will take you home for a shilling.

These "Hansom" are plenty in all parts of London, and are a great convenience to strangers. They look like two-wheeled buggies, with low doors in front, that serve instead of a dasher. The driver is perched on a high seat in the rear, the lines resting on the top of the vehicle, which is rather low. At first it causes curious sensations, to be carried rapidly along the streets with no driver in sight; but "Hansom" are comfortable and you soon get to like them.

A long ramble gives you a good appetite for dinner, which in London is generally a good dinner. The English have a partiality for immense roasts of beef, and are not satisfied unless they can see them on the table before them. We heard an English country gentleman, who had just returned from the Paris Exposition, complaining of French cookery. "They cut off a little piece of meat in the kitchen," he said, "and bring it to you all soaked with outlandish sauces. I want to see my joint, and take as much as I like. Give me some good soup, a nice bit of fish, and a piece of good, honest English beef or mutton, with perhaps a little pudding to wind up with, and I don't care for foreign flummery."

On this occasion, at least, we agreed with him, and sat down for the first time in London to enjoy "a good square meal."

J. H. D.

For The Messenger.

REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE CHURCH IN EAST SUSQUEHANNA CLASSIS.

Dear Brethren:—Your committee would, first of all, mention as a source of gratitude to Almighty God, that the lives of all the ministerial brethren have been precious in His sight during the past year, none having been called away by death, and that the most of us have been blessed with a good degree of health, and strength of body and mind, so that we could regularly go in and out before our people in the discharge of our duties. One brother, however, has been prostrated by nervous affliction as to be compelled to resign his charge. Another has passed through deep waters, his two only children having been taken from the earthly to the heavenly home. What seems remarkable is, that the fathers among us, Duenger and Bassler, have enjoyed unusually good health, both being also in attendance upon our present sessions. Much sickness, however, has prevailed in some of our charges, especially among the aged and the little ones. Not a few of our dear ones are now with God.

The pastors abound in labors. The reports show that they generally attend to from two to three services every Lord's or festival day. They give large attention to their Sunday-schools, and catechetical instruction claims their time from four to eight months in a year. When to these are added funerals and parochial visitations, it tasks all their energies. But they report their labor as cheerfully done, and with delight in the work. It has somehow in it, its own great reward.

With a few exceptions, the pastors speak favorably of the moral and spiritual condition of their congregations. There has been progress in high all directions. Attendance at public worship and participation in the holy communion has increased. Our Sunday-schools are improving. The Classis as a body, and the several pastors, have of late years, given increased intelligent attention to them. Our people are also coming back to the old habit of seeing to it, that their children go to catechetical instruction. Committing the catechism to memory, is taking the place of merely lecturing on it. It is becoming catechetical exercises of the catechumens as well as of the pastors. The fruits are manifesting themselves.

Quite a number of our congregations have paid off, either in whole or in part, their old church debts. Some of them have brought liberal offerings for this purpose. One of the charges—Ringtown—has purchased a parsonage and expects fully to provide for its cost. Our membership is growing in numbers, there being a clear gain over last year of 432 members, 721 unconfirmed members, 315 Sunday-school scholars, \$289 for benevolent purposes, and \$5038 for congregational purposes. Our baptisms were 848, confirmations, 487, and received by

certificate, 221. Two new congregations have been organized during the year—the church of the Redeemer at Dushore, Sullivan county, and Zion's at Nanticoke, Luzerne county. Both are in important, promising towns.

One of our older congregations—that at Milton—has lately met with a great calamity. The people themselves have been burnt out of house and home, and their late beautiful church is a ruin in ashes. Our sympathies of heart and hand have gone out toward them.

Thankful to God for manifold past mercies, we commit and commend ourselves and our work for the future, to the care and guidance of the great Head of the Church, Jesus Christ our Lord.

Respectfully submitted,
F. K. LEVAN, Chairman.

For The Messenger.

STATE OF THE CHURCH IN WESTMORELAND CLASSIS.

Your Committee on the State of the Church beg leave to offer the following report:

The parochial reports placed in our hands indicate commendable and encouraging progress within the bounds of our Classis, affording abundant reason for unfeigned thankfulness and gratitude to the great Head of the Church for His unnumbered blessings vouchsafed to us during the Classical year.

With few exceptions, the health of our ministers has been reasonably good, so that nearly all of us have been able to fill all our appointments. The death rate among our membership has been about the same as in former years, excepting in one or two charges where there was an increase. In temporal blessings, we have been unusually favored, as well as in spiritual advancement.

In all our charges the Word has been preached with fidelity. Catechetical instruction has been attended to, the children have been baptized, the sick have been visited, and the sacraments regularly administered. The attendance in all the charges upon the means of grace has been usually good, and in some instances, an increase is reported.

The labors of the ministry seem, from the reports, to have been more than ordinarily successful, as will be seen by comparing the statistical tables with those of last year. The membership has increased in numbers, while the moral and religious condition of the members has improved.

In point of benevolence, nearly all our charges seem to have surpassed themselves, since all the apportionments have been made up, and arrearages met by some of the charges, in addition to the special peace offerings, and other contributions for particular objects. Much, of course, remains to be done.

Sin reigns around us, and many of our members, from whom we expect better things,

are found "walking in the counsels of the ungodly, standing in the way of sinners and sitting in the seat of the scornful."

These things are painful and embarrassing to faithful ministers and people. But such people become a testimony to the truth of revelation that the enemy is busy sowing tares among the wheat. And it is a source of comfort to know that some progress is making in the way of strengthening the things that remain.

One report that family prayer is neglected to an alarming extent in his field. This may be said, perhaps, truthfully, of some in all our charges. This is to be deplored, because where prayer is neglected, the children will be brought up loosely, going in the way of evil, and many of them lost to the Church and to God, while such members themselves will be overcome by the adversary of souls and go into an endless perdition.

In view of these evils and of the dangers to which our people are exposed, pastors should use all proper means to have family worship conducted in every household.

There has happily been granted us, a revival in the missionary work of the Church,

which it is hoped will not be suffered to fall again into decay. The Church has evidently taken a step forward from which, let us pray that she will never recede.

And since facts still show that there is much to be done in winning souls to Christ, and in building up our people in their most holy

faith, let us pray earnestly to the good Lord to give us new energy and zeal in the cause,

and a larger measure of the Holy Spirit,

that the good work may be pushed forward to still greater success, that in the advancement of the Church, the glory of the Lord may shine forth with ever increasing lustre.

SAMUEL Z. BEAM, Chairman.

Family Reading.

ENTERING IN.

BY JULIA C. R. DERR.

The church was dim and silent
With the hush before the prayer,
Only the solemn trembling
Of the organ stirred the air;
Without, the sweet, still sunshine,
Within, the holy calm,
Where priest and people waited
For the swelling of the psalm.

Slowly the door swung open.
And a little baby girl,
Brown-eyed, with brown hair falling
In many a wavy curl,
With soft cheeks flushing hotly,
Shy glances downward thrown,
And small hands clasped before her,
Stood in the aisle alone.

Stood half abashed, half frightened,
Unknowing where to go,
While like a wind-rocked flower,
The form swayed to and fro;
And the changing color fluttered
In the little troubled face,
As from side to side she wavered
With a mute, imploring grace.

It was but for a moment;
What wonder that we smiled,
By such a strange, sweet picture
From holy thoughts beguiled?
When up rose some one softly,
And many an eye grew dim,
As through the tender silence
He bore the child with him.

And I—I wondered (losing
The sermon and the prayer)
If when some time I enter
The "many mansions" fair,
And stand abashed and drooping
In the portals' golden glow,
Our God will send an angel
To show me where to go!

SOME OF DR. JOHN HALL'S STORIES.

Dr. Hall said that he knew a preacher in Ireland who used to come down from his pulpit every Sunday, after the sermon, and the people, passing in a line in front of him, would shake hands and pass the compliments of the day. One elder told the pastor one day, "Let the Lord keep you humble, sir, and we will keep you poor!" But that is the policy of too many church boards, imbued as they are with the notion that the ministry should be kept on the apostolic plan of poverty and humility.

Dr. Hall told a story related to him by the late Richard Winter Hamilton, a prominent Congregationalist in England. Mr. Hamilton, being called to fill a pulpit in a provincial town, was waited on in the vestry just before the service by the presenter of the meeting: the latter laid down a programme which provided for a very short prayer and a shorter sermon, but several interminably long hymns. Said the presenter: "Our people are a peculiar people; we are very fond of music, and plenty of it, and we are not fond of long prayers or long sermons; in asking you to cut it short, sir, I wish to emphasize as before that we are fond of music, because in heaven singing is the chief order of the day!" Mr. Hamilton answered, "It is a comfort, sir, to know that you will not be there to lead it!"

There are funeral ministers, said Dr. Hall: gentlemen who carry around with them an air of professional solemnity; they carry it even in their hat-bands and pocket handkerchiefs, and look continually as if genteely laid out in their coffins. There was a minister of this sort called on to marry a young couple: he stretched out his hands, and unconsciously commenced the burial service. "Sir," spoke up the young man, "we came to be wedded, not buried!" To which the gentleman of the cloth responded, "It won't be many years before you'll wish you had been buried." Ministers should be men first, then ministers—manliness and godliness are twin qualifications.

Then come your fluent ministers. Turn on the faucet and the stream flows. The less they have to say, the bigger the stream and the louder they shout. Lyman Beecher, on returning home from church one Sabbath, said that he felt he had done very poorly. Said one of his boys: "Why, father, I thought you were never in better trim; you just shouted it out to 'em." "Aye, aye," replied Mr. Beecher, "that's it exactly; when I'm not prepared I always holler at the top of my voice."

The doctor told the story of a simple, God-fearing Irish pastor he used to know, in the old country. Each year, he used to go up to the General Assembly, for there every minister is ex-officio a delegate; whenever the time came for making the announcement of this annual vacation, the pastor would give out: "May it pl'se the congregation next Lord Day I'll be vacant!" Leaving it for the wags to make the inquiry whether or no he were not vacant more than one Lord's Day in the year. Such as these are children of nature—simple, unconventional and often splendidly noble

men. He well remembered one such, in Ireland—"and," said Dr. Hall, "although many stories related in this way are not strictly true, I assure you this one I am about to tell you, is." He said that this simple, poorly-paid, but honest and noble-hearted pastor was riding along one day, and seeing a laborer at work in the fields, whose ragged shirt did not protect his back from the blistering rays of the sun, jumped off his horse, strode over the fence, stripped off his own coat and shirt, and made the astonished laborer put on the latter; the now shirtless preacher buttoned his coat to his chin, and disappeared as he had come, unconscious that he was in the least transcending his line of exact duty. Dr. Hall said he liked these men; these unconsciously humorous souls, who live nearer heaven than half the rest of mankind.—*From the State Journal's Report of his Address at Madison, Wis.*

GOOD WORDS FOR YOUR PASTOR.

In a "charge to the people" at a recent installation, the officiating minister pleasantly counseled them to encourage their pastor in various ways, and among other things he told them to do so by speaking kindly of his services. He said in substance: "If the sermon has done you good, tell him so. If he has helped you to overcome your doubts, if he has comforted you in your sorrows, if he has strengthened you against temptation, let him know it. He does not ask your flattery nor your praise to feed his vanity, but your occasional approval of his sermons and work will do him good and help him to do more good to others."

Many ministers hear far more of fault-finding and harsh criticism than of kindly appreciation. Some of them plod along from year to year without a word of encouragement, even upon special occasions when they have done their best. True, they may have the testimony of their own conscience and the favor of God, and they may enjoy the unspoken evidences of success in their work. But they are human, and they often carry heavy burdens and great griefs which a word of good cheer may tend to lighten. Undemonstrative people may not appreciate this feeling, but sensitive hearts realize it continually. Indiscriminate praise, fawning, unmeant compliments may suit those who "fish" for them. It is easy enough to spoil a popular preacher by that sort of idol-worship, which is not "piety towards God." But the opposite extreme is almost as bad. The late Dr. Bethune once said to a friend, "I like to know if my services are well received. I do not want flattery, but it makes me feel good to know when my people are pleased." Judicious friends of the minister will not be too reticent nor too eulogistic. One of the most comforting commendations that a certain young minister once received was the single remark of that wise and good man, the late President Frelinghuysen, "I was much edified by your sermon." To "edify" such a Christian, to "build him up" and feed and strengthen him was a privilege indeed. And does not that idea of "edification" constitute the greatest merit of many of the best sermons?

It is often best for a minister to have his faults kindly pointed out, and to know when and how he can improve his method of doing good. His elders and deacons and leading friends in the church may do this with discretion and kindness. And when suitable occasions offer, they can express their confidence and affection and gratitude for the blessing of the Lord upon his labors. What we aim at is to secure for the pastors who deserve it, that timely, considerate and helpful recognition of work done for their people which shall strengthen their love for each other and develop the spirit of Christ among them. It made a great difference even to our Lord and Master, whether He was received with open arms or with averted looks and unkind lips. It was among those whom He loved best and who welcomed Him most lovingly, that He spake His most gracious words and did His most wonderful works.—*Intelligencer.*

HID IN A NAPKIN.

Not many years ago a man appeared at the counter of the bank in Middletown, Conn., asking and receiving specie for bills on the bank to the amount of one thousand dollars. He had kept these bills just as he had received them more than twenty years before. If he had deposited them in a savings-bank and allowed them to remain on interest, he might have drawn almost three times the amount at the end of this long interval.

How many men will appear at the judgment to give an account of their stewardship, with their talents as little improved by wise and diligent use. To hold aloof from the most active service of the Lord is foolish, unprofitable, and

dangerous. God gives faculties and opportunities to be cultivated and improved by diligent service. Let every man see to it that he makes the most of himself and his opportunities for advancing the glory of God in the world, for every man must give account of himself to God.

LEADING AND SERVING.

The more high-spirited a lad is, and the better he likes to have his own way, the more earnest at heart he is apt to be in wishing to have the leadership of his playmates, although he may not stop really to understand his own desire. It is not possible for every one to succeed in this aim even though it be without a really selfish motive on his part. The great majority of human beings must naturally be followers. Only in rare instances can one so stand head and shoulders above his fellows that they will eagerly accept him as a safe guide. There is one plan, however, which has more chances of success in this line than any other. When a man or a boy is intent on serving his mates, without any thought of praise or a reward for such conduct, he is pretty sure to find them falling in line behind him, almost before he has thought of having any party to help him.

The Hebrews have a tradition about the spirit of Moses, when he fed his father-in-law's flock, near Mount Sinai, which will illustrate this thought. It chanced, one day, that Moses noticed a lamb straying from his herd, and running away so quickly over hills and through valleys, that the man of four-score could not overtake it until it stopped, of its own will, at a spring, and was eagerly drinking the cool water.

"Ah, my poor lamb!" said the feeling shepherd: "what a pity that I was not wise enough to guess at thy thirst! And now, how wilt thou return, when thou art so wearied? I must even take thee in my own arms!"

So he staggered on under its weight, though the burden proved quite heavy to the aged and tired man.

Then, as he paused to rest, he heard the voice of the Lord speaking to him from the heavens, saying:

"Thou hast a tender heart for my creatures, and thou wilt show thyself a kind, gentle shepherd to care for the rescue of my own flock. I now call thee from thy little flocks to feed the flocks of God!"

He that is willing to stand and serve humbly, will often be chosen from the crowded ranks to lead and serve in a higher sphere.—*Golden Days.*

SEED WITH A SAIL.

A Seed with a Sail, a little ship all ready for the voyage, needing neither spar to carry the canvas nor crew to unfurl it!

It may be a seed of the maple, to make by-and-by a shade for our summer. It may be a seed of the dandelion, to make a button of gold for the emerald coat of the meadow. It may be this aster that I hold in my hand, which true to its Greek name will star our gardens from mid-summer into the dusky autumn days. But what a convenient arrangement that sail is? The wind wafts this little floral vessel into the yard of a neighbor. Stingy old fellow, he has a purse whose lips grip like nippers. From that gripping purse, no penny escaped for a flower to brighten that dull yard. No seed peddler would ever venture to hope for a purchase at that door. But the wind has done the business. In that neglected enclosure, will stand an aster queenly with crown after crown of petals. Why, that neighbor has not come under the influence of a flower since he was a boy with pants out at the knees, pulling anemones in the whispering woods. The aster-queen may touch him with her sceptre and make him a boy again. The wind takes a seed also into the yard where a little white-faced boy sits every pleasant day, until sickness shall make his wings big enough to fly away to heaven. He is so poor that there will be no flowers for him until he gets to Paradise, he thinks. This wind-brought aster, though, how its flowers will comfort and cheer him.

Thus into many unusual, if not inaccessible places will go the seed with a sail.

Seed with a sail, what are they in our spiritual life but the thoughts that are printed? What is the tract, but grain that is winged? What is the religious newspaper, but good thoughts under a spread of canvas? What is the volume of the Bible but the thought of God, equipped with a mighty sail, and sent out to do its work? What would the Reformation have been without the printing-press? And to-day, next to the man who says or writes a good thing, our most potent ally against Rome is the man with a font of types before him, that takes up the thing said and written, and gives the seed a sail.

There are three blessed; and to one of them, if not more, we may be an heir. Blessed is the soul that makes seed, that utters through voice or pen the thought that will bring life to another. Blessed is the man who prints the thought, giving the seed a sail. And how many of us can share in this blessing simply by paying the printer, by supporting the religious press, by furnishing the funds that will equip the truth for its great missionary journeys.

If we can't set type, we can pay for the printing. Blessed also is the soul that personally aids in starting the truth on its voyage; taking the Bible to a destitute household; scattering tracts in an ungodly neighborhood; sending away the weekly paper that has been read, to some one needier; carrying the devotional book to a soul in want, that may here find the vessel in which it can embark for Heaven. But when we have done all that is possible, where is the wind that shall swell the sail and waft this little seed-vessel here and there, guiding it into places inaccessible to us, especially taking it to the human heart and there depositing it in yielding soil? Ah, thanks be to God for that waiting wind of the Holy Ghost, forever belting the world with its mighty currents and taking the truth where we cannot go. For true it is that with the words of the Bible, the printed thoughts of men and women of God, the utterances of a sanctified press, a tract in the hands of a Christian worker—goes the marvellous wind of Pentecost. One of the surprising things in the spiritual life is the power given to the printed page when the Holy Ghost is behind it, wafting the seed to its place and there making it a power.

May these things stir and stimulate us. In these days, when so much soil is waiting to be occupied, may we be active in seed-scattering. This is a keenly-alive, busily-thinking world, waiting to take and read what is given to it. May each one be active. Think, think, O men and women of God, and think your best, making seed-thought for the world's sowing. Print, print, men at the press, and make white soils for the seed. Give of your means, large-hearted stewards of God; and gather and scatter, every one. Potent allies do you all thus become, of the Spirit of God that must do the final work. And blow, blow, O Thou Wind of the Holy Ghost, taking the seed to its place and making it efficient.—*Rev. E. A. Rand.*

THE WISTARIA.

BY ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

O blossoms caught from amethystine seas!
Swaying so lightly in the summer breeze,
So royally on the far-reaching stem
We scarce can touch thy garment's purple hem,
Bend down! From out the largess of thy store
Yield one bright cluster—one—and yet one more.
Such lavish mood hath Nature smiled on thee,
Our arms were piled and yet no lack we see.

—*Christian Union.*

COME NEARER.

But have you come to Christ already and found relief? Then come nearer, nearer still. The closer your communion with Christ the more comfort you will feel. The more you daily live by the side of the Fountain the more you shall feel in yourself "a well of water springing up into everlasting life," (John iv. 14.) You shall not only be blessed yourself but be a source of blessing to others. In this evil world you may not, perhaps, feel all the sensible comfort you could desire. But remember, you cannot have two heavens. Perfect happiness is yet to come. The devil is not yet bound. There is "a good time coming" for all who feel their sins and come to Christ, and commit their thirsting souls to His keeping. When He comes again they shall be completely satisfied. They shall remember all the way by which they were led, and see the need of everything that befell them. Above all, they shall wonder that they could ever live so long without Christ, and hesitate about coming to Him.—*Canon Ryle.*

TEMPER AT HOME.

I have peeped into quiet "parlors" where the carpet is clean and not old, and the furniture polished and bright; into "rooms" where the chairs are deal and the floor carpetless; into "kitchens" where the family live, and the meals are cooked and eaten, and the boys and girls are as blithe as the sparrows in the thatch overhead; and I see that it is not so much wealth, nor learning, nor clothing, nor servants, nor toil, nor idleness, nor town, nor country, nor rank, nor station—as tone and temper that make life joyous or miserable, that render homes happy or wretched. And I see, too, that in town or country, God's grace and good sense make life what no teachers, or accomplishments, or means, or society, can

make it, the opening stave of an everlasting psalm, the fair beginning of an well-proportioned vestibule to a temple of God's building, that shall never decay, wax old, or vanish away.—*John Hall, D. D.*

FREEDOM BY THE YOKE.

The yoke that Christ places upon the necks of all His disciples is not a heavy, galling yoke, except to those who wear it under constant protest. To all who were brought into community of feeling with Him and sympathy with His plans, it is a delightful burden, and the bondage it inspires is one that brings freedom and contemplates at last a liberty that is free of all restraints. It is the yoke of allegiance to the law of purity, of consecration to holy purposes, of the cultivation of the soul in true righteousness. These are so foreign to our unrenewed natures that any discipline looking towards these as ultimate results comes at first to us as a restraint, as an unpleasant infringement of the freedom in which our carnal natures delight. Wild, boundless indulgence do these natures ask, as uneasy of limitations as the eagle of its cage or as the wild horse of its bridle. And yet, without the bit of what value is the horse? How his qualities of speed and strength and docility are lost as he roams his unploughed prairies! The rein, the saddle, the collar, are in requisition, in order that what is best and highest and most perfect shall be made manifest.

Just as requisite is the yoke of Christ for us that the best and divinest within us may be made to appear. In this way and in this alone does our true freedom come. Liberty in its highest forms is found in fellowship with a love of righteousness, from wrong movement, and asks for such limitations as truth fairly prescribes for all men. Sin is ever a sore bondage, and one of its delusions is that its ways are ways of freedom and peace. No fetters like those of sinful indulgence. They limit the soul to wrong-doing and forbid the realization of those aspirations which would lead us toward God and endow us with a liberty like unto His. A spirit unfettered of its false ambitions, its hurtful lusts, its evil longings, its habits of disobedience, its guilty remembrances, its forebodings of coming judgment, how free it must be! When the soul finds itself at one with Christ, with God, falling in with divine providences as though born of its own desires, ever acquiescing with God's will, no matter how revealed so it be His will, how harmonious it finds itself with its surroundings, with all that constitutes its environment, with all that it contemplates as resting in the future for it! How at one it is with duty in all its forms, with self-denial in all that it imposes, with sacrifices and all that they mean! The yoke of Christ alone can bring about this harmony, can develop this freedom which is not of the earth but of the skies. He that would become a possessor of an emancipation that comprehends freedom indeed, must take upon himself the yoke of Christ and wear it—must wear it, for as the freedom is gained shall it be retained. The well-broken bullock relieved of his yoke for a season, resumes it to find that it galls a little and that he has lost in a measure that free and easy motion he had when he cast it aside.—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.*

Useful Hints and Recipes.

TO CLEAN WHITE SHETLAND SHAWLS.—Put the soiled article into a large bowl; throw over it half a teacupful of flour, "dry" rub thoroughly, as if washing, then thoroughly shake out the flour. If the article is not clean, repeat the process in clean flour. Articles cleaned by this process will retain a new look as long as there is one thread left.

TO MAKE JAPANESE CEMENT.—Mix the best powdered rice with a little cold water; then gradually add boiling water till a proper consistency is acquired, being careful to keep it well stirred all the time; lastly, it must be boiled for one minute in a clean saucepan. This paste is beautifully white, almost transparent, and well adapted for fancy paper work, or other things requiring a strong and colorless cement.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES.—Peel the tomatoes and cut in slices one-fourth of an inch thick; pack in a pudding-dish, in alternate layers with a forcemeat made of bread crumbs, butter, salt, pepper, and a little white sugar, spread thickly on each layer of tomatoes; and when the dish is nearly full, put tomatoes uppermost, a good bit of butter on each slice. Dust with pepper and a little sugar. Strew with dry bread crumbs, and bake covered half an hour. Remove the lid, then, and bake brown.

Miscellaneous.

DANDELION.

Dear common flower, born by the highway's edge
Or on the breast of green low-lying field,
Or native to the hills whose woods inhedge
Some rocky pasture; nature hath revealed
No braver bloom, but, prodigal of thee,
She cheapens all thy charms. Not many heed
Beauty so usual, and the farmers see
In thy gay blossom but a thrifless weed.
Yet hards and children, never far apart,
And the glad bees in their first vernal flights,
Find guiltless wealth in thy wide golden heart,
Counting thee not the least of spring's delights.
Nor most unginal portion nor least dear
Of earth's bright tributes to the opening year.

NEANDER'S LAST HOURS.

They were strikingly impressive. His life had been impressive for three-score years. In early student-days he passed from Judaism through Platonism into Christianity, and at seventeen took the name in Christian baptism by which he has been known—Neander. (Greek, *neon andra*, new man, born again.) Of his illustrious life we cannot now speak, but only of the memorable close, July 13, 1856. He had lectured five days before, though in pain, and almost entirely blind. Said one of his class, "This is our dear Neander's last lecture!" It was. But his chamber of death was another testimony.

Dr. Conant regards the dying scene one of the most remarkable ever witnessed. Neander's last thoughts were on the work to which he had given his life. Beginning at the very passage of his Church History where sickness had arrested his progress, he resumed the thread of thought, and in spite of interruptions, continued to dictate in regular periods for some time. At the close of each sentence he paused, as if his amanuensis were taking down his words, and asked, "Are you ready?" Having closed a division of his subject, he inquired the time. Being told it was half past nine, the patient sufferer repeated once more, "I am weary, I will now go to sleep!" Having by the aid of hands stretched himself in bed for his last slumber, he whispered in a tone of inexpressible tenderness, which sent a thrill through every heart, "Good night!" It was his last word. He immediately fell into a sleep, which continued four hours, when his great spirit, in the quiet of a Sabbath morning, passed gently into the land of peace. *What a commentary on his own exhortation so lately uttered, that the Christian should ever remember that here all is fragmentary—nothing reaches completion—that even service in the cause of Christ on earth is but the beginning of an activity destined for eternity; that we therefore must not be so absorbed, even in labors consecrated to God, as to be unprepared to obey at any moment the summons to the higher life and service of heaven!* He was so prepared, that when his ear caught the summons, he could drop the great labor of his life unfinished, lay himself down quietly on his bed, and, with a childlike "Good night" to those whom he left behind, slumber over (as the Germans beautifully express it) into that higher life of heaven. Schleiermacher, whose words helped him to know Christ, and Neander, and other luminaries of sacred learning, are now with their adorable Lord, but their memories are embalmed in the heart of the good. It is only by living the life of the righteous that our last end can be like theirs.—*Christian Union.*

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE'S WITHDRAWAL.

I have reason to believe that the rumored betrothal of Prince William, the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Germany, to Princess Augusta Victoria, daughter of the late Duke of Augustenberg, may now be considered as a fact. It has been received very quietly here, as it appears that the bigwigs at Court would have preferred to see Prince William allied to one of the reigning families of Europe. The Prince was born in 1850, and is consequently twenty-one years of age. His future bride is some three months his senior. Prince William, like the Crown Prince of Austria, has been guided in his choice exclusively by the dictates of his own heart; that is to say, he is making a love match. This is but the very natural consequence of the admirable education given to the children of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany. There is not a more united nor a happier household than theirs throughout the Empire. Their attachment for each other is proverbial in every German home. Their children have been brought up on sound English principles, and always encouraged in simplicity of taste and genuineness of character.

Prince William having arrived at

years of discretion, has thought proper to select a wife for himself, and to judge by all accounts Princess Augusta of Augustenberg is in every respect qualified to be his bride. The disappointment of the Prussian Court grandees is not likely to excite much sympathy anywhere. There is no reason why members of Imperial and Royal families should not be free to marry in their own sphere as they choose. There are, however, other considerations involved. Prince William of Prussia and the Crown Prince Rudolph have, no doubt unwittingly, given a fatal blow to the rigid etiquette of German court life. The whole world of chamberlains, gentlemen in waiting and other gold-laced dignitaries are in a flutter. What is to become of them if young Princes go about looking for wives just like simple mortals? Since the office of chief candle-snuffer to his Majesty was first inaugurated such a thing had never been heard of. The frigid atmosphere of the Prussian Court had never been agitated by such heretical proceedings. These two sensible and noble-hearted young men have refused to comply with its absurd and cruel exigencies. They have, curiously enough, at a few days' interval, broken with the superannuated traditions of the respective households to which they belong.—*The Telegraph.*

THE FORCE OF THE WIND.

It is doubtful whether attention has been sufficiently directed to the part the force of wind plays in producing alteration of the blood-pressure in localities of the surface. In full health this may be an unimportant consideration, the skin being stimulated to a proper degree of tension, and the under-lying vessels suffering no compression; but in the case of persons of low vitality, this "bracing" may not occur, or almost instantly subside, and congestion of deep organs may then be mechanically produced by prolonged exposure to the force of a strong wind. Sometimes numbness, and even paralysis of the nerves may result from the same cause. In the old coaching days facial paralysis was a well-recognized result of sitting with the face to the open window. In the more rapidly-moving railway carriage of to-day the angle of incidence and reflection throws the current of air on the passenger sitting one seat removed from the window, or the current of air strikes the back of the carriage, and is passed round behind the necks of the passengers, as any one may demonstrate with a lighted match. In all these instances, it is the force as much as the temperature of the jet of air which produces the results sometimes experienced from "sitting in a draught." The question arises whether this little fact, taken in connection with others, may not hereafter be found to throw some new light on the nature of a "cold" and its morbid phenomena. Perhaps, after all, "cold-catching" is in part, at least a process in which the blood is forcibly driven out of a particular area of the surface, while the vitality of the nerve is diminished by mechanical depression. A very small jet of air playing continually on a limited space will give some hyper-sensitive individuals a severe "cold."—*London Lancet.*

A DREAMER'S SENSES.

If a strong light be held before the sleeper's eyes he is almost sure to awake, but at the very moment he may have a dream of some tremendous fire, perhaps that his house is in flames. The ear of the dreamer is generally on the alert, and proves a gong to the mysterious spirit to make its airy rounds. To some sleepers the sound of a flute fills the air with music, or they dream of a delightful concert. A loud noise will produce terrific thunder and crashings unutterable, and at the same time awake the sleeper. According to Dr. Abercrombie, a gentleman who had been a soldier, dreamed that he heard a signal gun, saw the proceedings for displaying the signals, heard the bustle of the streets, the assembling of troops, etc. Just then he was roused by his wife who had dreamed precisely the same dream, with this addition, that she saw the enemy land and a friend of her husband killed; and she awoke in a fright. This occurred at Edinburgh at the time when a French invasion was feared, and it had been decided to fire a signal gun at the first approach of the foe. This dream was caused, it appears, by the fall of a pair of tongs in the room above, and the excited state of the public mind was quite sufficient to account for both dreams turning on the same subject. An old lady, a friend of the writer, relates a similar dream which occurred to her just before the battle of Waterloo, when the fear of an invasion by Napoleon was at its height. She heard the march of troops in the streets, and the screams of the populace. They broke into her own house, ransacked it, and pursued her

with bayonets. She fell on the floor and pretended to be dead. After sundry thrusts, which seemed to her "roving spirit" to be quite innocuous, the soldiers remarked that she was "done for." They departed, and she escaped to consciousness. This dream was no doubt caused in the first instance by a noise in the house or street, and the painless bayonet thrust by some slight irritation, such as a hairpin or other adjunct to dress. Whispering in a sleeper's ear will often produce a dream; and there are cases on record in which people who sleep with their ears open have been led through dreadful agonies at the will of their wakeful tormentors. The vivid description given of a young officer so treated by his comrades is both interesting and suggestive. In changing our position, as we constantly do in sleep, we touch the bedclothes, etc., perhaps the nose gets tickled or the sole of the foot, and dreams painful or pleasant are the consequence. These may seem trivial causes, but it must be remembered that the mind is ready to fly into the realms of fancy at the slightest intimation. People have often dreamed of spending the severest winters in Siberia and of joining the expeditions to the North Pole, simply because the bedclothes have been thrown off during sleep. It is said that a moderate heat applied to the soles of the feet will generate dreams of volcanoes, burning coals, etc. Dr. Gregory dreamed of walking up the crater of Mount Etna, and that he felt the earth warm under his feet. He had placed a hot-water bottle at his feet on going to bed. The memory of a visit he had once paid to Mount Vesuvius supplied the mental picture. Persons suffering from toothache imagine that the operator is tugging at the faulty tooth, and somehow cannot extract it; or, as in Dr. Gregory's case, he draws out the wrong one, and leaves the aching tooth in *status quo*. A blister applied to the head is highly suggestive of being scalped by Indians, especially if Mayne Reid's ghastly details are at all fresh in the memory.—*Temple Bar.*

AN ALLEGED MS. BY ST. PETER.

A curious story comes from Jerusalem of the finding in a hermit's grotto, at the foot of the hill of Gethsemane, of a manuscript in the handwriting of the Apostle Peter. Publicity was first given to it by a newspaper organ of the Jewish community at Jerusalem. Last July a man, named Core, who was believed to be very poor, died at Jerusalem in the 110th year of his age, after leading a hermit's life for half a century, and having among Christians a reputation for rare saintliness. He left no kinsfolk, and the authorities, taking possession of the grotto, found it luxuriously furnished with magnificent tiger skins on the floor and the costliest furs composing the bed. Beneath the floor, in an underground room, an iron-bound oaken chest was found, which, on being opened, was seen to contain gold and silver of a total value of \$40,000—supposed to be the total of alms and oblations which he had received from the credulous people who listened to his appeals. In the bottom of this chest the manuscript was discovered. This inscription was upon it: "I, Peter the fisherman, in the name of God, finished the writing of the word of love in the fiftieth year of my age, the third Easter after the death of my Saviour and Master Jesus Christ, son of Mary, in the house of Belier, the scribe, near the temple of the Lord." The papyrus of the manuscript is described as strong and flexible, while the ink is very black. Scholars who have seen it say that no man of this age could write old Hebrew of such pure style, and with such knowledge of the meaning of many obsolete words and forms, which belong to the period in which the epistle purports to have been written. On the other hand, it is held out against the genuineness of the document, that the miserly Core would not have hid away a thing which, if genuine, would have brought him more money than he could get in a century of begging. Further, that the language of the superscription and subscription of the papyrus throws grave doubt on its pretensions to antiquity. There is no proof that the church festival of Easter had come into existence so early as the year 50, while the description of Peter as "the fisherman" (not simply as a fisherman) and of Christ as "the Son of Mary," are thought to be sufficient to betray the modern origin of the pretended epistle.

Perhaps nothing proves so certainly how we are related to the unseen world as our prayers. If they be tedious and irksome, cold and tasteless, it is a sure proof that our delight is not in God, and that we love Him chiefly, if not only, in the reason; that we are living, if not lives of sense, at least of intellect and imagination, rather than of the will. So long as we are in this state, however much this world may lose its hold upon us, the next has not as yet won our hearts.—*Dr. Manning.*

Selections.

"What I want," says Raphael, in Kingsley's *Hypatia*, "is not to possess religion, but to have a religion that shall possess me." They departed, and she escaped to consciousness. This dream was no doubt caused in the first instance by a noise in the house or street, and the painless bayonet thrust by some slight irritation, such as a hairpin or other adjunct to dress. Whispering in a sleeper's ear will often produce a dream; and there are cases on record in which people who sleep with their ears open have been led through dreadful agonies at the will of their wakeful tormentors. The vivid description given of a young officer so treated by his comrades is both interesting and suggestive. In changing our position, as we constantly do in sleep, we touch the bedclothes, etc., perhaps the nose gets tickled or the sole of the foot, and dreams painful or pleasant are the consequence. These may seem trivial causes, but it must be remembered that the mind is ready to fly into the realms of fancy at the slightest intimation. People have often dreamed of spending the severest winters in Siberia and of joining the expeditions to the North Pole, simply because the bedclothes have been thrown off during sleep. It is said that a moderate heat applied to the soles of the feet will generate dreams of volcanoes, burning coals, etc. Dr. Gregory dreamed of walking up the crater of Mount Etna, and that he felt the earth warm under his feet. He had placed a hot-water bottle at his feet on going to bed. The memory of a visit he had once paid to Mount Vesuvius supplied the mental picture. Persons suffering from toothache imagine that the operator is tugging at the faulty tooth, and somehow cannot extract it; or, as in Dr. Gregory's case, he draws out the wrong one, and leaves the aching tooth in *status quo*. A blister applied to the head is highly suggestive of being scalped by Indians, especially if Mayne Reid's ghastly details are at all fresh in the memory.—*Temple Bar.*

God so loveth us that He would make all things channels to us and messengers of His love. Do for His sake deeds of love, and He will give thee His love. Still thyself, thy own cares, thy own thoughts for Him, and He will give thee Himself. Ask for Himself and He will take thee into Himself. Truly a secret, hidden thing is the love of God, known only to them who seek it, and to them also secret, for what man can have of it here is how slight a foretaste of that endless ocean of His love!—*Dr. Pusey.*

So runneth o'er my cup,
That if I think thereon my heart will break.
My eyes are full of tears, I cannot speak,
But unto Thee look up.

My cup hath long run o'er
With blessings crowned, many and multiplied,
And daily from the font of love supplied,
On thankless me they pour.

And these thus numberless,
Only that I might on Thy bosom rest,
And in Thee be resigned to be blest,
Sole fount of blessedness!

—Isaac Williams.

Science and Art.

Another important addition has been made by Leo XIII. to the Library of the Vatican in twelve manuscript volumes, said to be of great value as well for their contents as for their antiquity. They include the Institutes of Justinian; two copies of the Decretals of Gregory IX., one of which contains the letters sent by Gregory to the University of Paris; a collection of documents pertaining to the sixteenth century, which are described as throwing a marvellous amount of light on the history of that period; and a volume of decisions of the Rota of the fourteenth century, which are important in that those already in the Archives of the Rota begin only with the fifteenth century.

THE PHILADELPHIA MINT.—One of the many attractions of Philadelphia is the United States Mint, where at present 1,300,000 silver dollars are coined daily. Most of the gold which comes to the Mint is from Montana Territory, and most of the copper from the Lake Superior mines. The purest gold in the country is found in the State of Georgia, and the purest copper in Minnesota. The largest nugget of gold ever brought to the Mint came from California in 1852, and was worth nearly \$6,000. Attempts have been made to deposit manufactured nuggets at the Mint, but the fraud has been discovered when the metal was melted. The smallest weight used in the Mint is the thirteen-hundredth part of a grain, so small as to be scarcely discernible to the naked eye. The floors are covered with an iron grating which prevents any of the metal adhering to the shoes, and the sweepings from these floors have been sometimes worth \$50,000 per year. The ten coining presses are capable of cutting from seventy to one hundred and twenty coins per minute.

The Cathedral at Garden City (Stewart Memorial) is approaching completion as rapidly as the superior quality of the workmanship will allow. The marble floors in the crypt and the mausoleum and in the body of the church are nearly finished. The walls and roof were completed several weeks ago, and as the scaffolding is now down the visitor is enabled to get the general effect of the interior. The columns are still undressed and the woodwork and furniture in the chancel and elsewhere is to be supplied, and furthermore, the stained glass in the windows is still to be put in. A common criticism passed upon the Cathedral is that the interior is too quiet and sombre. The architecture is Gothic, and a bright and cheerful, not to say gay interior, would not be in keeping with the general type. The columns when bronzed and the glass in the windows will give color enough, if that be needed. The substitute of light for heavy columns, and the general plan which has been followed, make it possible for the visitor to see the chancel, choir, baptistery, entrances and every part of the edifice from any point of view he may select. This is something new in cathedral architecture. The architect, Mr. Harrison, who built the Manhattan Market, is supervising the construction of the Cathedral, and is consulted in the smallest details.

Personal.

Bishop Simpson visits the Methodist missions in Japan and China this summer, and Bishop Merrill those in Europe and India.

All of the books of John Stuart Mill have been translated into Russian, and a new edition has been issued in German at Leipzig.

Mr. Bradlaugh, the English Radical, is an ex-private of the British army, and is the first one since Cobbett's time who has sat in Parliament.

Alfred Tennyson is said to have received \$1,500 for "De Profundis," his poem of sixty-five lines, recently published in the *Nineteenth Century*.

Dr. Pusey is 80; Canon Dollinger is 81; Archbishop McHale, "the Lion of Tuam," is at 83 as keen, active, and eager as he was forty years ago; Dr. Beresford, Archbishop of Armagh, is 79, and Dr. Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, 73. The Missionary Moffat, Livingston's father-in-law, is still alive at 80; Archdeacon Denison, at 75, is worrying his opponents in the S. P. G.

Married.

On Wednesday evening, June 9th, 1880, by the Rev. S. R. Bridenbaugh, in the Reformed church of Berlin, Pa., Mr. William F. Hillier of Chillicothe, Ohio, to Miss Clara Shoemaker of Berlin, Pa.

On Thursday, 10th of June, 1880 at the residence of the bride's mother, Halifax, Dauphin Co., by the Rev. Henry White, Mr. Charles Egolf of Lebanon to Mrs. S. Bressler of Halifax, widow of Rev. A. E. Bressler.

Obituaries.

IN MEMORIAM.

DEATH OF ELDER GEO. REITER.

Elder Geo. Reiter on the morning of the 4th of June, 1880, in the full triumphs of faith, after a brief struggle with the last enemy, entered his heavenly rest. Many will expect an obituary notice.

Born in Baltimore, Md., Dec. 12th, 1810, he had almost rounded the full period of man's allotted life, as set in the Bible at three-score years and ten. In early boyhood, he came with his parents to Pittsburgh, when this great city was as yet but little more than a country village. His education was solid, if only rudimentary. His long and honorable business life here made its part of the remarkable commercial enterprise and manufacturing industry of this city. For many years he was principal of one of the most reliable drug houses. Nearly twenty years ago, however, he entered, as senior partner of Reiter & Co., upon the manufacture of steel in the then newly erected Lehigh Steel Works. Some years since he retired from this what was regarded as a competency, and he was rated among the men of good value in this wealthy place. But, by too generous endorsements for others, and the great shrinkage of values, he was constrained a few years later to re-enter actively upon business when at an age of life, thought by some to be too high for success. He accordingly, with his two sons began another new industrial enterprise, that of manufacturing chains by new patent machinery, for forming and perfectly welding and finishing the links in a most superior manner. The Union Chain Works of Pittsburgh, left in the hands of his sons, stand as another monument to his indomitable courage and untiring energy.

At the early age of twenty-one he married Caroline A. Hacke, sister of the late Rev. Dr. Nicholas P. Hacke of Greensburg, Pa. From this happy relation grew a large and estimable family, all of whose members are gathered into the Church either here or above. There are still surviving of these, the sorely bereaved mother and five children, one of whom, the second daughter, is well-known to many of our ministers and people as the wife of Rev. Dr. G. B. Russell. Domestic happiness in the charming home of Elder Reiter, as those know who have enjoyed its hospitality, was but the outgrowth of his own genial life, and a product of the covenant blessings pledged to Christian nurture in the home and family. For almost fifty years, the highest claims upon his time and services were not business and worldly ambition, but the more sacred duties of the household relations. In the retired precincts, veiled from the outside world, Mr. Reiter was one of a thousand in the manifold acts of instinctive gentleness and care, self-forgetfulness and unobtrusive attention to others. He was a model housefather. Only his own loved ones of the inner circle can ever know what he was at the head of that family.

Baptized in infancy and trained up by Christian parents, when he came to years of discretion, he was confirmed a member of the German Reformed Church by the Rev. Dr. Kremer. For the sake of English services on his family's account, he held membership for a score of years in the Third Presbyterian Church. But when Rev. Robert Douglass came in 1836-37 to look up the Reformed material, Mr. Reiter took official part with those who were then to have been gathered into the Church of our fathers. This effort, however, after a brief trial failed, and the brunt and loss of the abortive interest fell on a few, who being alienated from the Reformed Church, became utterly alienated from the Reformed Church. In 1854 a new start was again made with Rev. G. B. Russell as leader, and after a brief trial supported it liberally, acted on the building committee of Grace Church, and finally with his family joined the struggling mission which became a success.

During the Tercentenary year 1863, to save a considerable loss of material, an organization of a new Reformed congregation in Allegheny was effected under the authority of the Classis. Mr. Reiter became for a number of terms one of its elders, and was a most influential supporter. He cost him heavily in money and otherwise. He alone paid for the beautifully located lot, and gave largely towards the building of the chapel. Also a good portion of the \$1,000 salary, as well as other heavy current expenses and debt interest in the following years, came from him and his family. Yet for all this he was loaded with abusive persecution, until his long-suffering zeal measurably failed; and he left its management entirely to others. Since then sore disasters have come, the valuable property has been lost, and it is a question of mere possibilities as to its very existence, and it is now for the first time in its history made an actual mission.

He was a life-long subscriber to the "MESSINGER." Long before we had a Reformed church in Pittsburgh he regularly received the Church paper. Few perhaps remain whose names were on the list with him forty-three or forty-four years ago. The contents of hymns and prayers and the Bible, he was accustomed to read aloud in the family circle, where all were delighted to listen and learn. These happy and profitable hours are now cherished as among the sweetest memories of those still remaining near the old-time hearthstone. He loved especially sacred poetry, music, flowers, and good pictures.

Of his modest worth as a man outside his pleasant home, we need not speak in any special terms. He cared not for public life, and he shunned political places. For some years he was a valued member of the Select Council of his city. As a director, referee, or appraiser, he was often chosen. He settled many disputes among neighbors and united some divided families. Many widows profitably consulted his safe judgment in regard to property affairs. Orphans had no dearer friend or protector, and he is known to have saved several valuable estates for heirs, without a cent of charge for years of troublesome services.

The poor and the working-men were sure to find in him an advocate, and many of these now cherish his memory.

"He was a good man," say those who knew him best. Cautious, yet courageous in business, he was a wise counsellor and safe adviser. He was a patriotic citizen, a good neighbor, and a general peace-maker. He was a faithful, true and loving husband, a kind and affectionate father, a most hospitable and cheery host, a temperate liver, a genial and refreshing companion, a sincere friend, an old-style gentleman, and a guileless Christian. Conscientious integrity, pure honesty, unwavering fidelity, and a strict regard for truth and right ruled his life to its serene and peaceful end by faith in

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,
Rev. C. U. HEILMAN,
Rev. A. R. KREMER,
Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business* of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1880.

FROM A DIFFERENT STANDPOINT,

Last week we noted the fact, that very few sons of rich men entered the ministry, and called attention to the efforts put forth to challenge such persons in regard to their duty. This, we said, was done in the interest of the wealthy young men themselves, rather than on the supposition, that the poor could not be made, by the grace of God, as efficient in the gospel ministry as those blessed with this world's goods. It appears from later advices, that the committee of the established Church of Scotland has reached the rather odd conclusion, that the chief thing needed to produce a revival of religion, is the influx of young men into the pulpit from the families of the aristocracy.

No doubt money and social position, like educational advantages, are talents, which should be laid upon the altar of God, as they often increase influence; but if the attempt is made to go to the work wrong end foremost, and to make such temporal advantages the ground of success, God will likely confound these plans and show that the power is from Him, rather than from the wisdom and resources of the world.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK AT LANCASTER.

The College Campus at Lancaster is a very beautiful spot, and it is especially luxuriant at this season of the year. From every point on the grounds the view beyond is extended, and Eden-like. The weather, too, last week was very favorable for the public ceremonies of the institution, the slight showers having allayed the dust without interfering with out-door exercises. Indeed these only helped to jewel the trees; and the gossamer clouds were suggestive of rainbows, that showed their iris hues on the eastern hills. Leafy June brought all her treasures to the feast, and everything seemed to accord with the freshness and youth of those, who were to make their start upon the highway of life. But we cannot dwell upon such things, as all our space will be required to give some account of the services just brought to a close.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

This discourse was preached on Sunday evening, the 13th inst., by Rev. Thos. G. Apple, D. D., President of the College, from the Scripture recorded in 1 Cor. xv. 45-46. It will, as we expect, be published in our *Review*, and we hope to give parts of it at least in our columns at as early a date as possible. For the present we can only say that it was characterized by profound thought and ended with some practical advice to the graduating class, exhorting them to take Christ and His words as their Light.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

On Tuesday evening the annual address before the Literary Societies was made in the Court House. The report given of it in the *Collegian*, says:—"His subject was 'American Politics,' which he handled with great ability. During the whole time of the lecture—about one hour—the audience gave almost breathless attention, and testified their appreciation at the close by a burst of applause, such as seldom greets the ears of any lecturer. All pronounce the lecture one of the finest to which they ever listened; and we are conscious now of but two regrets in regard to it—first, that all could not have been present to hear the lecture, and, second, that we are not able to present it in full to our readers, as our

space will not permit us to do so, and no synopsis could be made which would do justice to the subject."

This opinion of the discourse was endorsed by every one.

ALUMNI DINNER.

The Alumni dinner was served in Harbaugh Hall. We refrain from speaking of those who arranged this feast, lest we might be betrayed into commonplace flattery, which would offend the taste of the ladies of Lancaster. We do not know who decorated the room and adorned the tables; for they were modest enough to hide themselves behind their own evergreens and flowers.

Suffice it to say, that they were not like the Eastern prince, who dined his guests upon stacks of roses. There were substantial viands, a feast of fat things, if not of wine upon the lees. Toasts were responded to by Drs. E. V. Gerhart, N. C. Sheaffer, C. Z. Weiser, J. P. Wickersham, E. R. Eschbach, Prof. Stahr, Hons. Wm. H. Koontz, John Cessna, and W. U. Hensel, Esq., whose absence from the Lancaster bar, like the missing statue of Brutus in the Roman Forum, has caused more remarks than the presence of many others. We pitied one man, who was called upon in an emergency to wreath a chaplet for the brow of Prof. W. M. Nevin, and yet had neither time nor ability to cull the choice roses, or twine them into a fitting garland.

CLASS DAY.

Class Exercises constituted quite a feature in the "performances" of Wednesday afternoon. They were less objectionable this year than formerly. There was greater care not to make professors and other unfortunates, the objects at

which the shafts of poor wit were ruthlessly hurled. Indeed, great caution seemed to be exercised on this point, and there was even an attempt to disarm criticism by the salutatorian, who thought those who could find fault did not "know much." We are willing to make all proper concessions on the ground of ignorance, but notwithstanding that, we must file some exceptions. The "presentations" to the members of the Class were full of harmless fun, but the historian might have omitted the statements, that glorified rebellions against the Faculty, the "cutting" of recitations, and the stretching of Freshmen. This last, which may be classed with "hazing," and shows the heroism of a big boy imposing on a little one by superiority of brute force, is falling into disrepute among honorable men, so that its traditional usages no more support it than other barbarous customs; but the defiance of authority is nothing to boast of, and if ever the young graduates get into positions of responsibility, as we hope they will, this spirit of insubordination, which they have spoken of with so much indifference, may be like the ghost of Baucis. Acteon was eaten up by his own dogs. What a man sows that will be reaped, as surely as effects follow causes, and the dragon's teeth scattered at college are just as likely to bring a crop of armed foes as anything else.

One objection to Class exercises is, that they crowd things too much when time is short, and the strength of seniors is taxed to the utmost. Two speeches increase the anxiety and responsibility fifty per cent., and those who are doubly charged find this out by the time both barrels have been fired off.

ALUMNI ADDRESS.

The Alumni address was made on Wednesday evening, by Rev. D. E. Klopp, D. D., of Philadelphia. The subject as we understood it, was, "Why Are We?" It was a plain, earnest plea for unselfishness in life. The address will be published in the *Review*, and we forbear from any analysis, that might do it injustice.

ALUMNI MEETING.

The Alumni meeting was called to order on Wednesday morning, at half-past ten o'clock, by the president, Rev. Dr. E. R. Eschbach. After reading the minutes of last year, the committee appointed to propose some measures looking towards a suitable celebration of the centennial of Franklin and the semi-centennial of Marshall College in 1887, offered their report. It was decided to

select three persons to prepare, one a history of Franklin, one a history of Marshall, and one a history of Franklin and Marshall College, to be published in a volume as a contribution to the celebration.

A committee consisting of Rev. Dr. J. H. Dabbs, Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, and Rev. W. H. H. Snyder was appointed to consider the propriety of starting a College paper reported at the evening meeting, and the following was adopted:

Resolved, That four issues of said paper be published annually, one number at the beginning of each term and one immediately after commencement.

That the Faculty appoint one of their number to act as supervising editor, whose name shall not appear in the paper.

That the Senior Class be requested to appoint a committee of four of their members, two from each society, and that these shall add to their number one of the Junior Class and another of the Sophomore, who shall contribute material and solicit contributions for the support of the paper from the Alumni, undergraduates and friends of the institution.

That all further particulars connected with the matter be left to the judgment of the committee.

The committee on the Centennial celebration was empowered to take measures looking towards the raising of \$30,000 for the increased endowment of the College, to be realized, at least, by the celebration year—1887. The committee on

collecting dues on notes to Alumni Professorship reported, that \$150 had been paid on the principal and \$128.60 interest. Some has been paid since the report was made.

After the address by Rev. Dr. D. E. Klopp in the evening, it was *Resolved* That the Association return thanks for the able and interesting address, and that we request a copy for publication in the *Reformed Quarterly Review*.

Rev. J. Spangler Kieffer was elected *primarius* and Rev. Prof. D. M. Wolf *secundus* orator for one year hence, and the secretary was instructed to notify them of their election.

A committee consisting of Rev. Dr. Thomas G. Apple, W. U. Hensel, Esq., W. M. Franklin, Esq., Rev. D. W. Gerhard and Rev. W. H. H. Snyder was appointed to co-operate with the faculty in arranging the programme of commencement exercises for next year.

COMMENCEMENT DAY PROPER.

We give the order of exercises, with the subjects chosen by the orators, as well as their names:

Morning Session, 9 o'clock.—Prayer. Salutatory, The Efficiency of an Orator, Charles E. Netscher, South Bethlehem, Pa. Orations: Disenchantment, Jairus A. Wickert, Spinnerstown, Pa.; Reform in Society, John S. Atlee, Lancaster, Pa.; Character the End of Culture, Benjamin F. Bausman, Lancaster, Pa.; The Poetry of Greece, Charles E. Davis, Boonesboro, Md.; The Monroe Doctrine, Andrew B. Gloninger, Lebanon, Pa.; True National Greatness, Edward P. Brinton, Lancaster, Pa.; The End of Moral Life, Charles W. Levan, Pricetown, Pa.; How to Enjoy Life, Solomon A. Alt, Blair's Corners, Pa.; The Tendency Towards Decentralization, Adam B. Rieser, West Leesport, Pa.; Progress by Retrogression, James Mitchell, Jr., Lancaster, Pa.; Deficiencies of Education, Ursinus O. Mohr, Quakertown, Pa.; The Power of Science, George W. Gerhard, Stouchsburg, Pa.; England's Golden Age, J. H. Geissinger, Huntingdon, Pa.; Dreams of Life, William A. Miller, York, Pa.; Lincoln, Aaron F. Rohrer, Smithsburg, Md.

Afternoon Session, 2 o'clock.—Salutatory, The Law of Historical Progress, William N. Apple, Lancaster, Pa. Orations, The Victory of Peace, Frederick W. Biesecker, Jenner X Roads, Pa.; The Lotus Eaters, Henry C. Eschbach, Paradise, Pa. German Oration, Die Schwärmer, Alfred P. Horn, Lehighton, Pa. Franklin Oration, The Moral Aspect of Law, Frank S. Elliot, York, Pa. Marshall Oration, Spiritual Vision, David B. Schneider, Bowmansville, Pa. Master Orations, The Philosophy of Doubt, Abraham S. Brendle, Schaefferstown, Pa.; The Determining Principle of a

True System of Thought, Jacob S. Hartzell, Allentown, Pa. Valedictory, Moral Dynamics, Adam S. Weber, Bethel, Pa. Conferring Degrees. Benediction.

These speeches were interspersed with well-selected, enlivening music. We would like to speak of each oration, but have neither time nor space to do so. We must, therefore, review them as Macaulay reminds us the priest did the books in a certain library—by wholesale. They were creditable, good—we were going to say, showing an advance upon the past, but that might savor of odious comparisons.

DEGREES.

At the close of the exercises the degree of Bachelor of Arts was formally conferred upon the graduating class. The degree of Master of Arts was

conferred in course upon the following persons, members of the class of '77: Henry F. Bittner, Chas. M. Franklin, A. S. Brendle, Jacob S. Hartzel, and W. J. Kershner. The honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Daniel S. Ermentrout, of Reading, Pa.; that of Doctor of Divinity, upon Revs. Samuel G. Wagner, of Allentown, and Joseph H. Apple, of Saegerstown, Pa.; and that of Doctor of Laws, upon Rev. Thos. C. Porter, D. D., Vice-President of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., and John L. Atlee, M. D., of Lancaster, Pa.

SYSTEMATIC BENEVOLENCE.

The system adopted by the ruling authorities in the Church, has already been considered. We come now to the people. All depends on them as to whether the movements in the work of Christian missions, inaugurated in the higher councils of the Church, shall come to any practical result.

If church members would only consider the duty they owe to the authorities placed over them in the Church of Christ, filial duty, as enjoined in the Fifth Command, they could not hesitate to "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty," as thus led and directed.

If good and learned men, with the authority of agents appointed by the Lord Himself, devise liberal things for themselves and the people at large, for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom and its extension throughout the world, then the people should unite with them as one man in accomplishing the work. Let the people learn to place full confidence in those, who think out the plans and means for doing it, and conclude, like wise "children of the kingdom," that there is asked of them no more than is necessary and just, and that they will respond, as the minimum of their duty, to the full limit of the demand. What a happy day it will be, when Synods, Classes, consistories and congregations shall, with one mind, one heart, and one united effort, engage in the glorious work of evangelizing the world!

The benevolent system of the Church, as formulated by her delegated authorities in the Synods, must be seconded by the whole people; and success, and good work for Christ, will be just in proportion to the degree of such mutual cooperation. There must be system, from above down to the churches and families of our people. Of systematic benevolence as pertaining to the families and individual members of the Church, we shall have a word to say hereafter.

congregation we had only eight subscribers before. The same efforts in any other place would secure a like result.

TEACHING US A LESSON.

Here are two missionary items. 1. The Karen of Barmah raised last year for mission work, upwards of \$31,000, and expect to raise more than \$25,000 the current year. 2. Native Christians on the Islands of New Hebrides, recently shipped to London some 3,700 pounds of arrow root to pay for an edition of the Old Testament now being printed for them in their native tongue. We think the mere mention of these facts should stimulate our home Christians to zeal.

Communications.

WEST SUSQUEHANNA CLASSIS.

This Classis met in the Reformed church at Rebersburg, Centre county, Pa., on Wednesday evening, May 19th, 1880. The President, Rev. W. W. Clouser, preached the opening sermon based on Rev. iv. 3. The following members attended this annual meeting of Classis: Revs. D. M. Wolf, W. H. Groh, W. W. Clouser, W. A. Haas, W. M. Landis, J. F. DeLong, S. S. Kohler, George P. Hartzell, S. M. Roeder, A. C. Whitmer, W. Donat, I. S. Stahr, R. L. Gerhart, and Licentiate F. W. Brown. Delegates, Elders, Henry Meyer, Joseph Moyer, John Wiest, W. H. Corman, Samuel Yearick, Henry Yearick, Samuel Messerly, Jacob Sanders, Peter Hoffer, John G. Brown, Joseph Jordan and Samuel Transue. Rev. A. B. Caspar was excused for absence.

Rev. J. F. DeLong was elected President for the ensuing year. Rev. W. A. Haas was re-elected Secretary and Treasurer, and Rev. S. S. Kohler was elected Corresponding Secretary.

The parochial reports were confined more than ordinarily, to a faithful account of the doings of the past year and the present condition of the charges. The reports are full of promise for the future of the Church in this Classis. The congregations are growing in numbers and good works. The Sunday Schools generally are in a thriving and hopeful condition. The doctrines of the Gospel have been preached in their purity, family visitation has been faithfully performed, the catechization of the young and instruction of the youth have been carefully attended to, but the temporal contract between pastor and people has not been fulfilled in many cases, as promptly as the sacredness of the obligation and the honor and prosperity of the Church demand.

Changes.—Rev. James Crawford was dismissed to the Lancaster Classis. The pastoral relation between Rev. A. Romich and the Beaver Springs charge was dissolved. Rev. Romich was dismissed to the English Classis of Philadelphia on certain conditions. Our student, Frank Wetzel, was dismissed to the Northern Illinois Classis for licensure. The pastoral relation between the Rev. W. Donat and the Liverpool charge was dissolved.

Rev. C. W. E. Siegle was received from the East Pennsylvania Classis. His call to the Aaronsburg charge was confirmed. Revs. D. M. Wolf, S. M. Roeder and W. M. Landis were appointed a committee to attend to his installation.

The Licentiate, F. W. Brown, was appointed to supply the St. John's congregation in Black Deer Valley, and the St. Peter's congregation in Nippanose Valley, the ensuing year. Revs. S. S. Kohler, W. W. Clouser, and W. A. Haas are named to supply the Liverpool charge. The Committee on Reconstruction is to take the Beaver Springs charge under their supervision, and reconstruct it, if possible, as well as neighboring charges, and supply the charge till a regular pastor be secured. The reconstruction committee consists of Rev. A. C. Whitmer, W. H. Groh and W. A. Haas. Rev. J. H. Derr was permitted to supply the Williamsport charge till he secures his dismission to this Classis.

Religious Services.—Rev. Siegle preached an interesting sermon on Thursday evening on the "Crown of Thorns." On Friday evening a Sunday School meeting was held. The first subject, "What is the proper object of Sunday School instruction," was opened by Rev. J. F. DeLong, who pressed the importance of Sunday School instruction deeply upon the consciences of those, who are called to labor in this department of Church work. Rev. R. L. Gerhart had something interesting and instructive to offer on the second topic: "The worship of the Sunday School." "The Sunday School as a missionary agency," was discussed by Rev. A. C. Whitmer, who made it plain that the mere solicitation of the children's pennies for missions falls far short of promoting a missionary spirit in the Sunday School. First of all, we must bring missionary information into the Sunday school. Missionary contributions will then flow of themselves from the school. Revs. J. H. Derr and W. A. Haas made five-minute speeches on the topics of the programme.

The preparatory sermon on Saturday afternoon was preached by Rev. W. Donat. A meeting in the interests of Foreign Missions was held on Saturday evening. Revs. S. M. Roeder, I. S. Stahr and A. C. Whitmer were the speakers, who spoke on our foreign missionary field and the missionary in it. The meeting partook of considerable interest, and was closed with a collection for Foreign Missions which amounted to \$19.17.

The communion sermon on Sunday morning was preached by Rev. J. H. Derr to a very crowded church. There was, at the same hour, also a service held in the Lutheran church, and Rev. W. A. Haas preached the sermon on Sunday evening.

The Sunday School in the afternoon was addressed by Revs. Hartzell and Stahr, and the Licentiate, F. W. Brown. Rev. R. L. Gerhart preached the sermon on Sunday evening. All the services were remarkably well attended. The meeting of Classis to be greatly enjoyed by the people here, and it was very gratifying to the members of Classis to meet such a whole-souled appreciation.

Miscellaneous Matters—Classis commands the cause of Home and Foreign Missions, of Benevolent Education and of all the benevolent operations of the Church, to the liberal support of the people of our charges. It was

Resolved, That Classis heartily endorses the plan of the Board of Managers of the Orphans' Home, to pay the debt on the Home by \$100 subscriptions, and hereby command it to the prayerful attention of our people.

Resolved, That Classis earnestly urges upon all our Sunday Schools and congregations the duty of supporting Bethany Orphans' Home by free-will offerings of money or goods.

No congregation can flourish without the blessing from on high which only true liberality can draw upon it. All the benevolent operations of the Church are languishing for funds. All the charges in arrears on any of their assessments were kindly, yet most earnestly, requested to pay up their arrearages, as speedily as possible. The following was also heartily adopted:

Resolved, That Classis commands our suffering brethren of the Reformed church of desolated Milton to the sympathies, prayers and liberal contributions of our ministry and people.

Classis also pledged the sympathies, prayers and material aid to our afflicted brother in Christ, Rev. W. R. Yearick. The following were elected delegates to the Synod at Myers town:

Primarii—Rev. A. C. Whitmer, J. F. DeLong and W. H. Groh.

Secundi—Rev. W. M. Landis, S. M. Roeder and S. S. Kohler.

Primarii—Elders Samuel Transue, Henry Yearick and J. G. Brown.

Secundi—Elders W. H. Corman, John Weist and Peter Hoffer.

Brush Valley.—The only fault to find with this valley is its name. Brush Valley without the brush. Instead of brush it is a valley of broad, fertile fields. In no other valley does the earth yield her increase more abundantly. The very sight of the waving grain maketh glad the heart of man. Nestled in the bosom of such rural fertility, Rebersburg's cup of plenty literally runneth over. The valley is narrow, but the hearts of the people are large and greatly given to hospitality. Never did families open their doors wider and load their tables heavier for guests. The pastor *loci* is in this respect also an example to his flock. The physician of the town is in no wise found behind in this grace of hospitality. We liked his prescriptions. True, he insisted on large doses, but they were not hard to take.

We came away from Rebersburg bearing with us very favorable impressions of the people's kindness and general good Christian character—a people worthy to enjoy their rich, beautiful valley and romantic surroundings. We are now feeding on the pleasant recollections of our sojourn there, and are almost tempted to count the years when we can hold another annual meeting there. It was

Resolved, That Classis puts on record its hearty appreciation of the generous Christian hospitality extended to its members during its sessions by the members of the Reformed church and others of Rebersburg, and return sincere thanks for the same.

Classis adjourned to hold the next annual sessions in the Reformed church at Selinsgrove the first Wednesday of May, 1881.

STATED CLERK.

LEBANON CLASSIS.

Lebanon Classis convened May 20th in the Reformed church at Jonestown, Pa. Rev. D. B. Albright preached the opening sermon from Phil. ii. 4-9. The Classis was duly organized by electing Rev. H. Mosser President, Rev. Wm. F. Davis Treasurer, and Rev. A. J. Bachman Corresponding Secretary. Rev. John P. Stein continues as Stated Clerk. Classis was well attended by ministers and elders. It continued in session five days. The services on the Lord's Day were well attended on the part of the congregation. The members of Classis participated in the holy communion. The business of Classis was placed into the hands of the usual standing committees, who put it into shape for final Classical action.

Priocnal Reports.—All the pastors in the reports handed to Classis gave a full account of their doings during the Classical year. In these historic sketches much information is given of an encouraging character, while, on the other hand, many things are recalled which call for continued pastoral activity.

Palatine College.—This Classical school stands under the supervision of this Classis. It has a course of studies admirably adapted to the wants of the age. It includes a primary, scientific, classical and musical department, and is well adapted to male and female students. The character of its students bears favorable testimony to the efficiency of its intellectual and moral training. This institution has been doing good work for the Church, and, if properly sustained, is destined to accomplish still greater good.

The faculty of this institution have labored faithfully, with much self-denial, while the Board of Trustees have done their utmost to carry this institution safely through the late financial crisis. The number of students is 101. The prospects for the future are promising, and Classis feels constrained to enjoin upon all its pastors to commend anew this worthy institution to the favorable consideration of their people, and to all such as may desire the benefits of such educational privileges as are furnished by Palatine College.

Missions.—This Classis has but two missions within its bounds, St. John's church, Reading, and Trinity church, Shenandoah. The former is served by Rev. J. W. Steinmetz, and the latter by Rev. J. G. Neff. Both congregations are growing and are giving much promise for the future.

Letters have been received from Rev. C. H. Mutchler, who is laboring as a missionary in Burenon, Fla., asking Classis to assist him in his enterprise; but, as Classis did not see its way clear to oblige itself for a stipulated amount, the brother was referred to the Board of Home Missions.

Provisions were made by Classis to assist in the establishment of an English church in the city of Washington.

Delegates to General Synod.—*Primarii*—Rev. F. W. Kremer, C. H. Leinbach, B. Bausman, Geo. Wolff. *Secundi*—Rev. H. A. Keyser, J. P. Stein, C. F. McCauley, H. Mosser. *Primarii*—Elders H. Loose, S. H. Madden, J. F. Orth, C. A. Meek. *Secundi*—Elders O. J. Aregood, J. K. Funk, John McDonell, Wm. Zellers.

Delegates to District Synod.—Rev. T. S. Johnson, W. F. P. Davis, A. B. Bartholomew, A. S. Leinbach, Wm. M. Reiley, M. L. Fritsch,

J. E. Heister, Elders H. Loose, D. Stein, E. Shuey, J. K. Funk, J. L. Miller, John McDonell, W. F. Hoffman. *Secundi*—Rev. A. J. Bachman, D. B. Albright, Jacob Klein, T. C. Lsiabach. Elders Wm. Zeller, O. J. Aregood, A. Bright, P. Edris, S. H. Madden. Rev. D. U. Wolff was dismissed to Zion's Classis, Synod of Potomac. Rev. J. S. Schlappp was received from Kansas Classis, Rev. C. H. Coon from Maryland Classis, and Licentiate David Christman from Goshenhoppen Classis, who has accepted a call to the Minersville charge.

Reconstruction.—The congregations of Fredericksburg, Klopp's, Mt. Zion and Klemmering's were formed into a new charge, to be called Fredericksburg charge. Womelsdorf, Rebersburg, Mt. Attna and St. Daniel's congregations are to be called the Womelsdorf charge. Leesport, Germania, Mohrsville and Hinnerzhitz congregations are to constitute the Ephrata charge. St. Michael's, Shartlesville and Bellamans congregations are to constitute the St. Michael's charge. Ephrata's, Bern and Kissinger's are to be constituted the Ephrata charge.

In this new arrangement of charges it is required, as far as it is possible, that the pastor live in some central part of his charge, and that, as a general rule, he be required to preach at least once every two weeks in each of his congregations.

Wealthy Men's Sons for the Ministry.—Instructions were given to the members of Classis to urge upon wealthy parents to prayerfully consider the matter of consecrating their sons for the service of the holy ministry, and are consequently requested to preach special sermons with this object in view.

The usual vote of thanks was given for kindness received and generous hospitality.

Lebanon Classis meets in annual session

Thursday after Whitsuntide, 1881, in St. Paul's Reformed church, Mahanoy City.

Statistics.—Congregations, 83; Ministers, 39; Members, 17,013; Unconfirmed, 12,124; Baptisms, Adult 43; Baptisms, Infant, 1,251; Confirmed, 1,055; Certificate, 634; Communed, 13,994; Dismissed, 255; Easurings, 194; Deaths, 547; Sunday Schools, 114; S. S. Scholars, 10,621; Students for the Ministry, 13; Benevolence, \$6,646.55; Local Objects, \$49 425.35.

WILL IT BE DONE?

1. It has been made known through the MESSENGER, that a lot has been purchased for a church in the city of Washington for the sum of \$3,240, of which the committee in charge of this matter have been able to pay one-fourth—the remainder to be paid in four equal installments at six, twelve, eighteen and twenty-four months, with interest at five per cent. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that this money be saved, that these several notes may be met at maturity. Will it be done?

2. The committee desire, if possible, to erect a chapel on the rear of the lot this fall, so that this young congregation may have a permanent and churchly home—an absolute necessity, if the mission is to become a success. The very fact that its place of worship has been changed already several times, giving an appearance of uncertainty and instability to the enterprise, has proved injurious to both congregation and Sunday School. The building of a chapel will at once give assurance to those who are interested in it, that it is to be a fixed and permanent organization, and many who have thus far hesitated to connect themselves with it will do so no longer.

3. But more than this. As soon as this mission congregation is settled in a home of its own, it can begin to do something in the way of pastoral support. Thus far the most it has been able to do has been to provide for current expenses in the way of rent, etc. Relieved of this burden, and with an attendance largely increased by the fact of having a churchly place in which to worship, the congregation will very soon be able to contribute liberally to the support of their pastor, whose salary from the Board of Missions can at once be put upon a sliding scale of reduction, and thus enable the Board to plant a mission in another of our large cities where we have no English congregation.

The committee, therefore, ask most earnestly not only that monies already apportioned to the several Classes be promptly raised, but that individuals throughout the Church will send their gifts to the Treasurer of the Board at Harrisburg, for the immediate building of a chapel at the National Capital. Will it be done?

MISSIONARY CELEBRATION.

The Weymer Missionary Society of the Reformed church at Hagerstown, Md., celebrated its first anniversary on Sunday evening, May 30th. The occasion was one of very great interest; the church had been appropriately and beautifully decorated; and the several services were largely attended. In the morning, the Missionary Superintendent, Rev. Dr. Theodore Appel, who honored the Society by his presence, preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion. In the afternoon a very interesting missionary service was held by the Sunday School, with suitable addresses by Rev. Dr. Appel, Rev. L. G. Kremer and the pastor. The anniversary proper was held at night, and was honored by the attendance of a very large congregation. The anniversary report was read by the pastor, giving an account of the organization and object of the Society, its work during the first year of its existence, its present condition, and its prospects for the future. The Treasurer, Mr. W. H. McCordell, likewise presented his report, from which it appeared that, within the year, in the neighborhood of \$200 had passed through the hands of the Society for Missions. At this service, also, a very earnest and interesting address on Missions was delivered by the Superintendent. This anniversary was thought to be the most suitable time for the reception of the offerings recently asked for by the General Synod's Board of Missions, as an expression of thanks for the restoration of peace to our Church, and for the gathering of which measures had been taken by the Missionary Society. Accordingly, the offerings of the children were presented (in the envelopes which had been distributed for that purpose), at their service in the afternoon; those of the adult members of the congregation at the anniversary services at night. The former, being exclusively the contributions of the children, amounted to \$28.30; the latter, to \$99.

40; the entire amount being \$127.70. This, of course being presented at the anniversary, is not included in the amount of the Society's contributions for the year, as reported by the Treasurer.

The members of the Weymer Missionary Society may well feel encouraged by the good beginning they have made, and by the very successful anniversary with which they have closed their first year's history.

ZION'S CLASSIS.

The Annual Sessions of this Classis were held in the Church of the Redeemer, at Littlestown, Pa., May 20-21. In the absence of the retiring President, the Rev. John Kretz, preached the opening sermon from Heb. x. 12.

The Rev. Aaron Spangler was elected President; W. A. Wilt, Esq., Treasurer; and Rev. W. F. Colliflower, Cor. Sec. The attendance of lay delegates was full, and the few absent ministers were excused. The routine business was disposed of in the usual careful way, and all of the proceedings characterized by the spirit of peace.

The election of delegates to the General Synod resulted as follows:

Primarii—Rev. John Kretz, J. O. Miller, D. D., F. J. Sauerber, F. S. Lindaman, Elders, Henry Wirt, F. M. M'Keehan, G. H. Stambaugh, S. R. Weaver. *Secundi*—Rev. A. H. Kremer, D. D., W. K. Zieber, D. D., Aaron Spangler, E. Garver Williams, Elders, Chas. A. Shultz, E. E. Leiby, Deatrick Hildebrand, Levi Kell.

Classis declined to take favorable action on the mission at Washington, D. C., approved and commanded the projected *Missionary Monthly* to the earnest attention of the pastors and people; assumed the apportionment by Synod of \$1,200 for missions; fixed next September as the time for lifting collections to meet the deficiency in the salaries of the professors of the Theological Seminary; dissolved the pastoral relation between the Revs. Daniel Gring, Jacob D. Zehring, William H. Herbert, and the Shrewsbury, Emanuel's and Lansdowne charges; confirmed calls to the Rev. D. U. Wolff, who was received from the Lebanon Classis, Silas F. Laury, and R. R. Haubauer, from Abbottstown, Emanuel's and Mt. Pleasant charges, and arranged for their installation, and dismissed the Rev. W. H. Herbert to the Mercersburg Classis.

The following paper was adopted in reference to the decease of Rev. Jacob Sechler:—
Rev. Jacob Sechler was born in Turbot township, Northumberland county, Pa., March 18th, 1806. Born and brought up on a farm, he assisted his father in the cultivation of the soil. From the farm he went to the workshop, and served an apprenticeship as carpenter. When eighteen years of age, he attended a course of instruction in the doctrines and duties of our holy religion and became a member of the Reformed Church by the rite of confirmation.

Believing himself called to the ministry of the gospel, he turned his attention to preparing himself for that high office. Through difficulties and trials and darkness he pursued a course of study. For three years he was an usher in an academy at Reisterstown, Baltimore county, Md. Thence he went to York to attend the High School and Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church. At the expiration of one year he obtained an honorable dismissal and went to the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, where he prosecuted his studies for a term of two years. Before he had completed his course, he was induced to become assistant to Rev. Samuel Gutelius, pastor of the Hanover charge, who was then in ill health. Having labored in this capacity for four months, he was, upon the resignation of Rev. Gutelius, elected as pastor of the charge, and accepted the solemn trust on the 20th day of June, A. D. 1837, being then thirty-one years old.

For twenty-two years he continued to serve with acceptance and success the Hanover charge. When, in the year 1859, this charge was divided, he was elected pastor of the congregations that were constituted into a new charge, known as "Christ Church," and changed his residence to Littlestown, Adams county, Pa. The Hanover charge, at the expiration of seven and a half years, having again been divided, he was elected pastor of the newly organized Manheim charge, in which he labored for about fourteen years, until the Lord called him from the Church militant to the Church triumphant.

Bro. Sechler's ministry of nearly forty-three years began and ended in the bounds of Zion's Classis. His name stands at the head of last year's roll, indicating that his connection with Classis was of longer duration than that of any other present member. He served, at various times, no less than twelve congregations, viz: Hanover, Lischey's, Sherman's, Bartholomew's, and Bethel, in York county, Pa.; Abbottstown, New Oxford, Christ Church, Littlestown, St. James' and St. Luke's, in Adams county, Pa.; and Silver Run in Carroll county, Md. Of Christ Church he was pastor for nearly thirty years; of Lischey's Church, about thirty-six years. A circle whose circumference would be ten miles distant from Hanover would comprise within its bounds the territory in which his ministerial life was spent. In this territory he was more widely known than any other minister. Mild and gentle in manner, diligent in the discharge of his duties, and an earnest preacher, he secured and held the confidence and affection of all who knew him. St. Paul says: "It is required of stewards that a man be found faithful" (1 Cor. iv. 2). To the full measure of his ability Bro. Sechler met this requirement. To him the Head of the Church has already spoken the great reward: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Never of robust health, Bro. Sechler, during the latter years of his life, was subject to frequent attacks of sickness. Since the 10th day of August last, he was unable to occupy the pulpit. His disease was a cancerous growth in the stomach. After much difficulty, which he bore patiently, it pleased the Lord to summon him home on the 10th day of May, A. D. 1880. His age was seventy-four years, one month and twenty-two days. On the 13th day of said month, after appropriate services held in the Reformed Church of Hanover, his mortal remains were borne to their resting-place in Mt. Olivet Cemetery. The concourse of people attending the services was very large.

On the 3d of April, A. D. 1888, Bro. Sechler entered the estate of matrimony with Miss Anna Harmoney, of Franklin Co., Pa. He was the father of ten children, of whom four preceded him to the eternal world. His wife,

four daughters and two sons, survive to mourn their loss. One son is an efficient minister of the Reformed Church.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Lord to take from us our beloved brother Rev. Jacob Sechler,

Therefore, Resolved, That while we bow to the Divine will, we also thank the Lord for the great grace and many gifts He bestowed upon our departed brother, enabling him healthily and successfully to fulfil his ministry in the Reformed Church.

Resolved, That we rejoice in the communion of saints wherein the Son giveth us to have part, and that we still are in fellowship with our dear brother who has gone before us in the way of salvation.

Resolved, That we tender to the widow and children of our departed brother our heartfelt sympathy in their great bereavement, and pray the God of the widow and the fatherless to sustain and comfort them by His grace.

Respectfully submitted,

W. K. ZIEBER, Chairman.

The Classis listened with profound sorrow to the eloquent remarks of the venerable Gring and sorely-afflicted Zehring on their formal retirement from the active ministry; called the attention of the joint consistory of the Shrewsbury charge to the irregular and unconstitutional manner in which they were proceeding to secure the services of a pastor; the usual aid was granted the Duncannon Mission; \$150 were voted the Sulphur Spring charge from the Sustentation Fund; the unpaid salary, due the pastor of Trinity Mission, was referred to the Board of Missions, and immediate action urged; with pleasure the Classis heard the reports of progress of the students under its care; referred the request of St. Peter's congregation to a committee, with instructions to visit the congregation; and adopted the Report on the State of Religion and Statistics: 31 Ministers; 27 Pastoral Charges, 4 of which are vacant; 80 Congregations; 9,797 Members; 6,555 Unconfirmed Members; 721 Baptisms, 33 of which were Adults; 389 Confirmations; 128 by Certificate; 8,393 Communicants; 277 Deaths; 96 Sunday Schools; 5,893 S. S. Scholars; \$4,315 for Benevolent Purposes; \$25,352 for Congregational Purposes.

Classis adjourned to meet in New Bloomfield, Pa., June 9th, A. D. 1881, at 7½ o'clock, P. M., and closed with the usual religious service.

LAMB-FEEDING.

There is room in our Orphans' Home at Butler. Many are the homeless children, and many and often the appeals to help these helpless, suffering little ones. And yet, in most cases, the Board of Directors say, *No*. Why? Simply because there are no beds, food, clothing. Again, all the contributions so kindly made by the Church are irregular and uncertain, which, as all can see, hinders reaching the best results. If but a part of the aid given were in such form that the Board could depend with certitude upon it, in a given year, it could accomplish more with less means than as it is now.

To remove these evils, provide for more suffering children, and make the Home in every way more efficient for good, we propose the following plan—a plan so easy that hundreds can adopt it without thereby bringing on themselves or their own little ones a single pang of hunger, or be made to shiver with icy cold: We want to procure a list of names with a permanent, annual subscription of Ten Dollars each, to be paid at one time or in two installments each year so long as the Lord may prosper them, the year to begin June 1st, 1880, ending May 31st, 1881. The names will be duly entered in the Treasurer's book, under an appropriate heading, and acknowledged in the papers of the Church. Who will head this honorable list by sending his or her name either to the Superintendent, Rev. T. F. Stauffer, Butler, Pa., or to the Treasurer, B. Wolff, Jr., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The blessed and ever-blessing Saviour has said that he shall be blessed who gives only a cup of cold water to a suffering child. How great, then, will be the blessing he will receive who gives home, food and Christian training! J. McCONNELL, President Board of Directors.

Youth's Department.

BE TRUE, BOYS.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys!
Though clever at ruses
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys!
Whatever you are, be frank, boys!
'Tis better than money and rank, boys!
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light,
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys!
Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manners and mind, boys!
The man gentle in mien,
Words, and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys!
But, whatever you are, be true, boys!
Be visible through and through, boys!
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening" and "cramming;"
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!
—*Christian Guardian.*

THE BIT OF RIBBON.

A HUGUENOT STORY.

Many young readers will remember reading in their histories about the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. At that terrible time many families who loved God and His Word and their religious liberty better than the things of this world, gave up their estates in their beloved France and fled to different countries, many of them coming to America, where their descendants still live.

In one family which emigrated to Ireland, a son was born while his parents were journeying to Dublin. He grew up, and married the daughter of a clergyman, and had three very beautiful little girls; their names were Alice, Rebecca, and Esther-Marie. These little girls were very carefully brought up in the knowledge of the Lord and His holy Word, and their father ordered his household according to it, and set an example to children and servants of strict obedience to the commandments of his God. Now you know that one of the ten commandments (the eighth) is, "Thou shalt not steal;" and the tenth, "Thou shalt not covet." On the strict keeping of these two commandments hangs my little story, which is quite true.

At the time of which I speak (more than a hundred years ago), there was a great trade in silk manufactures carried on by the French refugees in a part of Dublin still called, as it was then, "the Liberties." Poplin and ribbon were made very beautifully there; and from a specimen I happen to possess of brocaded silk, I know of nothing to compare with it, either in texture or beauty. However, the three little girls, hearing their father and his French friends often speaking of the beautiful ribbon factory, asked him to take them to visit it, that they might see the French ribbon-weavers at work. Their father was pleased to gratify them, and consented. So they were neatly dressed in a way that little girls now would laugh at, in fine stiff slips and round caps; and in high spirits set off with their father to the Liberties. They were much interested in the beautiful work, and dazzled with the variety of color and design wrought in the ribbon-looms. As they passed through the workshops, they saw some of the men rolling the ribbons for sale, and remarked that from each piece of ribbon a defective piece at the end, called the *fag*, was cut off and thrown on the floor, to be swept out on Saturday evening. Some of these fag-ends (as they were called) were longer than others and very bright and beautiful.

One of the little girls thought what a very pretty bow for the front of her slip one of these cast-off ends would make; and, like Achan of old in Joshua vii. 21, who saw, coveted, took, and hid the Babylonish garment, she picked up a very pretty piece of the ribbon, and put it in her pocket, saying nothing to her sister.

When she came home, she cleverly sewed it up into a bow for the bosom of her dress, and appeared with it at dinner that day. Instantly the watchful parents perceived an addition to her dress, which they had not given her, and immediately she was asked where she got it. Fortunately for herself, she told the

truth, or else her punishment would have been more severe.

"My child," said her father, "that bit of ribbon is in itself worthless; but it is not yours, and you have no right to keep it. I am ashamed to have to confess to my friend, Monsieur G—, that a child of mine was capable of taking anything that was not given her, but it must be restored to the right owner at once; so come with me immediately after dinner, and give it back, and ask our friend's pardon for your fault, and we shall all ask God to pardon you, and to keep you from ever again taking anything that is not your own."

Dinner was soon over, and the little girl hoped her father would forget about going to the Liberties; but not so; seeing that she was not preparing to obey him, he said, in a voice and manner not to be mistaken, "Ma fille, depechez vous," "Make haste, my daughter." And so she had to go, and her father took her by the hand and led her up to the proprietor of the ribbon factory.

"My friend," he said, "I am sorry to have to trouble you again to-day, but I have brought my child to ask your pardon for having picked up this bit of ribbon on the floor to-day, and carried it home to make a knot for her dress."

"But, Monsieur R—," said his friend, "how gladly would I have given Mademoiselle R— and her little sister, as many pieces of ribbon as they chose! pray do allow her to keep this one."

"Merci! merci!" (many thanks) "Monsieur G—," replied the father; "but if this ribbon had been worth a guinea, it would have been the same—it was not hers; be so good as to take it from her hand, she is now ready to ask your pardon, and I hope she will never offend God again by taking anything not her own." The little girl had to apologize in her very good French and with many tears, and the lesson was never forgotten in the family or by their descendants.—*Children's Friend.*

THE CRAB AND THE COCOA-NUT.

The crab is a very curious creature; children who have been at the sea-side will remember how, many a time, they have chased the funny little sidling fellows from pool to pool among the rocks.

These little creatures are very different, however, from the huge crabs of foreign lands, some of which are so large and heavy that they are as much as a man can lift.

On an island in the South Seas there is one species which seems to be gifted with great intelligence, being clever and persevering enough to get the cocoa-nut out of its shell.

No one would think it possible for a crab to strip off the tough, thick husk which covers up the cocoa-nut so safely; but this native of the South Seas patiently tears it away fibre by fibre, till he has succeeded in laying bare the three soft holes which are always to be found at one end. Then he hammers away with a big claw till he succeeds in making an opening, when, with the aid of his small pincers, he scoops out the whole inside of the nut.

Not often, we should think, are such opposites to be found allied as a crab and a cocoa-nut; but it illustrates how one part of nature is created and fitted for the use of another part, and shows the wonderful instinct which God gives to His creatures.—*Sunday.*

ORIGIN OF THE DOLLAR MARK.

There are a number of theories for the origin of the dollar mark. One is, that it is a combination of U. S., the initials for the United States; another, that it is a modification of the figure 8, the dollar being formerly called a "piece of eight," and designated by the character 8-8. The third theory is that it is a combination of H. S., the mark of the Roman unit, while a fourth is, that it is a combination of P. and S., from the Spanish *peso duro* which signifies "hard dollar." In Spanish accounts, *peso* is contracted by writing S. over P., and placing it after the sum. But the best origin of the sign is offered by the editor

of the *London Whitehall Review*, who recently propounded the question at a dinner party in that city, at which the American Consul was present. As no one could tell, the editor gave the following explanation: "It is taken from the Spanish dollar, and the sign is to be found, of course, in the associations of the Spanish dollar. We littered the table with books in the course of our researches, but I proved my point in the end. On the reverse of the Spanish dollar is a representation of the Pillars of Hercules, and round each pillar is a scroll, with the inscription, 'Plus ultra.' This device, in course of time, has degenerated into the sign which stands at present for American as well as Spanish dollars—\$." The scrolls around the pillars, I take it, represent the two serpents sent by Juno to destroy Hercules in his cradle.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

COSTLY STRINGS OF BEADS.

A certain woman, the daughter of a chief in Borneo, who was also the wife of another chief, had for her only ornament three strings of beads which she wore around her waist, and which cost as much as though they were precious stones. Each bead was choice, and not one cost less than two or three dollars, while many cost more than a hundred and fifty. The most expensive one was one hundred and seventy-five dollars. She had several hundred of them, and no doubt was the admired of the fashionable world in Borneo, and I don't suppose they were any prettier than you can buy for a few cents at a toy-shop.

RESTORING FOURFOLD.

A Kaffir girl in South Africa went to a missionary one day and dropped four sixpences into his hand, saying,—

"That is your money."

"You don't owe me anything," replied the teacher.

"I do," she answered; "and I will tell you how. At the public examination you promised a sixpence to any one in the class I was in who would write the best specimen on a slate. I gave in my slate and got the sixpence; but you did not know then that another person wrote that specimen for me. Yesterday you were reading in the church about Zacchaeus, who said, 'If I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.' I took from you one sixpence, and I bring you back four."

THE SCRATCHES ON THE ROCKS.

Stones might be carried miles by rivers, or they might sail the seas borne along by icebergs. As a matter of fact, however, nearly all the stones from distant ledges we find in our fields were brought there by the *Great Glacier*. That such a glacier once covered the northern part of the country is known by the marks left everywhere in its track. Its southern limit was about the latitude of New York City. In Ohio the ice, perhaps, did not extend quite as far south; but it left abundant marks in Southern Iowa. Almost anywhere north of an irregular line joining these points the signs of glacial work can readily be found. Who will look for them in the fields about home?

Perhaps there is no more striking sign than the scratches on the rocks. Some rocks have been so beaten away and dissolved by wind, water and frost that they present very irregular surfaces, as sometimes an old clapboard becomes so rough by decay that no marks of the carpenter's plane can be found on it.

Other firmer rocks, or those that have been less exposed, still retain a polished surface, and show grooves and scratches as distinct as the similar marks on a board that has just left the carpenter's bench. It was once thought these scratches were made by icebergs striking the bottom in shallow seas when the country was under water. That supposition might explain them in one place or a dozen places. But they are found all over the country, and they have nearly the same direction at the northwest corner of Central Park as along Lake Champlain, or high up Mount

Washington, or along the Massachusetts coast, or in the Missouri Valley. Examine the recently uncovered rocks in your own neighborhood, and if you find these scratches on them set down your compass and see if the direction is not everywhere within a few degrees of north and south. They have been found to vary scarcely more than the magnetic needle itself varies. Icebergs could not have kept so constant a direction when they struck bottom; but a sheet of ice covering the whole country and slowly sliding southward as it melted away on that side would mark all parts alike.

Such masses of ice are now sliding down the higher valleys of the Alps, pushing along embedded stones which scratch and plane the underlying rocks in the same manner. Such an ice sheet covers hundreds of miles of Greenland, pushing slowly out to sea and sending fleets of icebergs down to the Banks of Newfoundland. Wherever you can find these scratches on the rocks, you have a token that such an ice sheet once covered this country. With a little practice one can easily distinguish the glacial scratches from cracks. The scratches keep their direction right across cracks and cleavage, and cut through hard streaks in the rock at the same level as the softer parts. They are to be studied in the same way one would decide whether a mark on a board is a crack or was left by the planing knife. If you find any of these marks, remember that the same signs are to be found all over the Northern States, and they are the handwriting on the rock of one of the great processes by which the Creator has made the earth what it is to-day.—*Christian Union.*

WATCHING FOR PAPA.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

In the pleasant sunset hour,
At the close of day,
When my little blue-eyed girlie
Wearies of her play,
Trips she lightly down the pathway,
To the entrance gate,
For her father's homeward coming
There to watch and wait.
High above the head so golden
Stretch the gate-posts tall,
High above the dainty figure
Of the watcher small;
But against the rails she presses
Dimpled brow and cheek,
As far down the road the blue eyes
For "dear papa" seek.
One by one the sunbeams vanish
From the earth and sky,
One by one the wandering birdies
To their snug nests fly;
But when comes the father homeward,
Though the hour be late,
Still he finds his own bright sunbeam
Watching at the gate.

—*Churchman.*

A JUNGLE FIRE.

We think our prairie fires are rather grand, but they seem very small things compared to a fire in a bamboo jungle. Dr. Hooker in his travels says that he has often seen one of these fires started at night, and the effect was exceedingly grand. It is made more so, perhaps, by the curious fact that the joints of the bamboo are filled with air, which growing hot, and expanding in the operation, burst with loud reports, almost like that of a cannon. The burning of a large number of bamboos, therefore, must sound like a bombardment.

"HOC AGE."

"Hoc Age" is the Latin for "Do This."

Little girls a hundred years ago were subjected to many restraints which have now, happily, as I think, gone completely out of fashion. From the time that Mrs. Sherwood, well-known as one of the first and most successful writers in our language of fiction for children, was six years old, until she was thirteen, she was obliged to wear every day, from breakfast until tea time, an iron collar with a back-board strapped over the shoulders. She usually studied her lessons with her feet standing in stocks, and never sat in a chair in her mother's presence. Bread and milk constituted the morning and evening meals, and a plain dinner was allowed in the middle

of the day. She studied under the direction of her father and mother, the latter herself studying Latin, that she might be able to teach it to her children. On Saturday the little girl went to her father's library, and there received from him a subject, on which she was expected to prepare a composition. One morning he wrote at the top of her paper, "Hoc Age," and nothing more. She retired to her room and wrote the translation, "Do this," beneath her topic. Try as hard as she would, she could think of nothing to add to it, and at the end of an hour she went to her father, in some fear lest he should reprove her for having been idle.

Her father smiled when she showed him her little essay. "Very well," he said. "You will not forget 'Hoc Age' again; and let it ever be in your mind, as an admonition, each day of your life, to ascertain and do that which is most presently necessary. I wished you, my child, to dwell long upon the words, and therefore I did not explain my meaning."

Little girls, and older ones, too, cannot do better than to remember this incident and accept its lesson. Not some remote and fascinating duty, but the one that lies nearest, is the one to which we should first attend.

And while we are glad that nobody dreams of standing stiffly in stocks, with neck in an iron collar, while obliged to read fifty lines of Virgil before breakfast, let us consider whether we might not be improved by practicing some of the deference and reverence which, a hundred years ago, youth paid to maturity. It is far pleasanter to sit by a dear mother, with head on her lap, or hand clasping hers, than always to stand timidly before her, but—does it look well to see Lucy sit while mamma stands, to see Emma letting mamma run upstairs to find Jack's lost slate pencil; to see a dozen strange and wrong things of that sort in good families every day?—*Mrs. M. E. Sangster, in Christian at Work.*

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

Every one cannot be beautiful, but he can be sweet-tempered; and a sweet temper gives a loveliness to the face more attractive, in the long run, than even beauty. Have a smile and kind word for all, and you will be soon more admired—nay, loved—than any mere beauty. A sweet temper is to the household what sunshine is to trees and flowers.

Pleasantries.

"Figures won't lie," they tell us. That must be the reason it is so hard to put a carpet down smoothly and make it reach into all the corners.

The little colored school-boys of Georgia have a new game during play spell. They beat the bushes with sticks, and when they are asked what they are doing they say they are playing "revenue men hunting for licker."

As a lazy tramp came down the street
With free and easy gait,
This welcome sign his eyes did greet:
"Free chops to those who wait."
"Now here," he said, "I'll get some food,
Without the slightest tax."
They led him to a pile of wood,
And handed him an axe.

—*Boston Times.*

"What's the difference, tell me, Mary,
'Twixt a cyclone and a mael?"
And the maiden moaned and murmured:
"Such conundrums were too cruel."
"This," said he, "is the solution,
Quite correct, dear, you will find it:
One drives everything before it,
One lets drive at all behind it."

"The circus is coming," remarked Mrs. Goodington, laying down her paper, "with no end of trained horses, caramels, hypotheneuses and other bedizens of the forest and jungle. How well I remember the first time Daniel took me to the circus. As we entered the tainted enclosure I said to him, 'How terribly the animalcules growl, don't they?' I was eenamost frightened to death till Daniel told me it was only the vendees of peanuts and prize packages plying their rogation."

Religious Intelligence.

Home.

The National Conference of Charities will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, for four days, beginning June 29th.

An "ecumenical" camp-meeting is to be held at Old Orchard, Me., August 17-24, to which ministers and members from all parts of the nation are invited. Eminent spiritual teachers of other denominations will be invited.

The new Methodist Bishops will hold their official residences as follows:—Bishop Warren goes to Atlanta, Ga., where Bishop Haven used to reside; Bishop Foss goes to St. Paul, Minn.; Bishop Hurst to Des Moines, Iowa; and Bishop Haven to San Francisco, Cal. Bishop Andrews removes from Des Moines to Washington.

The meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly cost over \$30,000, most of which was distributed for mileage. The new plan for providing for the expenses has worked admirably. The assembly paid its way easily this year, and had a balance in the treasury. The receipts were \$3,000 in excess of those of last year.

At the recent General Conference of the Methodist Church it came out in an official report that Dr. C. H. Fowler's salary as editor of *The Christian Advocate* was \$3,000 and that of Dr. W. H. De Puy, his first assistant, \$3,500. Why this difference, a stranger would ask, in favor of an assistant? The Methodist explains that Dr. Fowler gets also \$1,500 for house rent, while Dr. De Puy gets nothing but his salary.

COLORED BISHOPS.—The refusal of the Methodist Conference which recently met in Cincinnati to elect a colored bishop, has called out many expressions of regret and even indignation from members of the colored churches. At Philadelphia, a Dr. Butler gave a plain statement of his feelings in the matter, one day last week. He declared that the color-line was forced upon his race at the Cincinnati Conference. "When I arrived at Cincinnati," he said, "there was a colored man to meet me. When I was assigned to my seat it was amongst the colored people, and I was appointed to preach in a colored church." Dr. Butler was a member of the Committee on the Episcopacy, and when he went in it was into the big end of the horn, but his emergency from that body was, he says, from the horn's small end. He relates a "little history of how the wool was pulled over our eyes, as usual." The committee reported in favor of a colored bishop, but a square vote in the Conference was not had. Men who had speeches to make could not get the floor, and a motion for an indefinite postponement was "railroaded through." He added, in conclusion, that the question is one which must be taken up and voted on, because the negro "will never remain indefinitely postponed."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Abroad.

The translation of the New Testament into Japanese has just been completed. The event was celebrated by a public meeting at Tokio.

Three thousand new members were added to the Baptist Church in Sweden last year. Baptist preachers in Sweden are not yet allowed to perform marriage rites.

The Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, established by charter from Charles II, 226 years ago, relieved the past year 917 widows and daughters of clergymen, and helped 532 children.

Reports are current of a sharp awakening of religious interest in Messina, Sicily. The Protestants have accepted the challenge of a Catholic priest to a public discussion; large audiences have attended it; the controversy has got into the newspapers, and the public generally has been profoundly stirred.

Among the missionary facilities in England are the Bible carriage and the Gospel Ship. The former is drawn through the towns on market and other throng days. In it are the evangelists who sing and preach and distribute Bibles, Testaments, tracts, etc. The Gospel ship sails from one port to another with an evangelical crew, whose work is confined to sailors and longshoremen.

OLD CATHOLICS.—The Old Catholic Church has just held its synod at Geneva. Bishop Herzog delivered the address. Delegates from seven cantons and several foreign guests, among whom were Father Hyacinthe and the Bishops of Mexico and Meath, were present. A resolution was passed adopting a common prayer book for all the Swiss churches. Father Hyacinthe preached on a Sunday morning in the Church of St. Gervais. This is looked upon as an indication that he has become reconciled to Geneva and its Church, once stigmatized by him as a State without freedom and a communion without religion.

Professor Robertson Smith has achieved a very conspicuous triumph in the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland. On May 21, Sir Henry Moncrieff's motion, which would have deprived Prof. Robertson Smith of his professional chair, was defeated by a majority of seven, in favor of Dr. Beith's motion, which left his position as a Professor untouched, but "admonished" him for his imprudence in the hasty statement of his theological views on Deuteronomy. The numbers were—299 for Dr. Beith's motion, against 292 for Sir Henry Moncrieff's. It is remarkable that

not even Sir Henry Moncrieff's motion would have deprived the Professor of his position as a minister of the Free Church, though it would have expelled him from his office as a theological teacher. Dr. Beith's motion leaves him both an accredited teacher of theological students, though warning him against rash statements in the latter capacity.

Books and Periodicals.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending June 12th and 19th respectively, contain the following articles: *Animal Intelligence*, and *The Letters of Charles Dickens, Westminster*; *Memoirs of Madame de Remusat*; *Quartermaster*; *Cymbeline* in a Hindoo Playhouse; *Macmillan*; *What Shakespeare Learnt at School*; *Fraser*; *Ascent of Roraima*; *Temple Bar*; *A Persian Garden*; *Leisure Hour*; *Social and Literary Dandyism*; *Saturday Review*; *The Pinch of Wealth*, and *Matthew Arnold on Poetry and Religion*; *Spectator*; *Professional Fools*; *Globe*; *Anchor-Ice*; *Nature*; and in the way of Fiction, "A Young Lady's Letter," and instalments of "Adam and Eve," and "He that Will Not When He May," with the usual amount of poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 2,300 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the \$4 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, including the extra numbers of the latter, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, June, 1880, A Good Word for Territorialism, by Richard Ramsden; A Rejoinder to the Forgoing Article, by F. Barham Zincke; Victor Hugo: Religion et Religion, by Alphonse Charles Swinburne; Austro-Hungary, by W. J. Stillman; The Development of Buddhism in India, by J. Ware Edgar; A Plea for the Abolition of Outdoor Relief, by T. W. Fowle; The Liberal Victory: From a Conservative Point of View, by Alfred Austin; The Cost of the Medieval Church in England: A Chapter of Historical Economics; Home and Foreign Affairs; The Trumpet-Major, by Thomas Hardy, Chapters xvii. to xxi., *Good Words*. New York, George Munro, Publisher, 17 to 27 Vandewater St.

WELL DESERVED.

The wonderful immunity from accident and death, and the absolute freedom from danger of either upon the railroads of this country, demonstrate that railroad management here has practically reached perfection. It may be truly said that a passenger whirled through space at the rate of forty miles an hour in one of the coaches of the Northwestern Railway Company, is in less hazard and less liable to accident, than he would be in walking the streets of Chicago, and as safe from possible injury as he would be if seated at his own fireside. For the first twenty years of railroad travel in the United States, as we learn from the report of the Rhode Island Railroad Commissioner, there was on an average one passenger killed every two millions carried, while in the succeeding twenty years there was but one killed of more than six millions carried. If we recognize the further fact that more than ninety per cent. of the passengers killed, meet their death by their own recklessness or by their disregard of the rules of the railroad companies, we might say that a number of passengers equaling the country's population, are annually transported over our roads without a fatal accident, that can be attributed to the fault of the railroad officials.

A sense of security on the part of the passenger, and the constant study of the railroad official to invoke every possible aid to promote the safety and the comfort of patrons, make railroad travel a pleasure indeed. The newly invented trumpet, the patent platforms and couplings, the improved methods of tie and rail laying, and the perfect system of signals, combine to produce this extraordinary salvation from accident or injury.

We are led to these reflections from an intimate acquaintance with the workings of one of the best managed roads in the United States—the Chicago and Northwestern, whose operations extend from Chicago to the British Possessions, and whose branches permeate every considerable point of traffic throughout the great Northwest, and even to the Pacific coast. No ordinary mind can master the details of operating a huge corporation like this, whose hundreds of trains, passenger and freight, arrive and depart with the regularity of the clock; whose millions of passengers are transported, each with the self assurance of a speedy, a safe and a comfortable transit; whose officials without exception are men of long experience and excellent judgment in all things pertaining to the business in hand. There is not in all this country a company which maintains a better corps of conductors, many of whom the traveling public have met for twenty years past, and all of them gentlemen in the strictest sense of the term.

To the management is solely due the general excellence of this great highway, and we are glad to know that the vast business which the company is now doing, indicates the public appreciation of the efforts of these gentlemen to serve them.—*The Herald*, Sept. 1, 1879.

Advertisements.

17-STOP ORGANS

Sub-bass & Oct. Coupler, boxed and shipped only \$97.75. New Pianos \$195 to \$1,600. Before you buy an instrument be sure to see my Mid-summer offer, illustrated, free. Address, Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

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Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent free.

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Manufacture a superior quality of BELLS.
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